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Next week's SATURDAY REVIEW will contain a Poem by Mr. William Watson, entitled "The Men Who Man". We shall also print the first of two sketches of the War by an English lady intimately concerned in official life in Petrograd to-day. These sketches show very vividly the impression made on an English mind by the intense fervour and religious and national feeling which inspire the army of our great ally Russia.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The fall of Antwerp is yet another heavy blow of the German military hammer. It secures the German flank so long as the Germans can hold their ground in Belgium. It will spare them much anxiety when the moment comes for retreat. It sets free a large force of men for use in the field. It is a successful feat of arms calculated to cheer a people which was impatient and drooping—the prelude of a shining military spectacle. The triumphant entry of the well-appointed battalions of Germany into a great and famous city has heartened and rejoiced the German people. It is all the more pleasing to the enemy owing to the unavailing presence of British troops in the garrison. Moreover, the Belgian Government is now fugitive and exiled. However we regard the fall of Antwerp, we cannot truthfully pretend that it is not a serious reverse. It is the duty of our people to accept a reverse of this kind at its exact worth. We insist upon the advantages to the enemy of the fall of Antwerp—we would even put them at a maximum—because it would be fatal for the English public to underrate the task before the Allied Armies, or to indulge a craving for false comfort. We believe that the English public really desires the truth, and that it does not desire to be deceived or buoyed with expert pleading. The plain truth of Antwerp is that it is an important success for the enemy.

This does not mean that we are pledged to a gloomy view of the position as a whole. All through this war—which cannot proceed without losses, reverses, anxious waiting, disasters even—we have to make up our minds to accept unpleasant truth cheerfully and to face the future with confidence and resolution. This

week the virtue asked of our people has in the main been the virtue of patience. Early in the week it was impossible for anyone not specially informed to tell what was happening either in the Eastern or Western theatre. Later in the week the news improved. Some laconically cheerful statements were issued by the Press Bureau, and there was a little news from France. We learned that British troops were active in Belgium and in certain "mining districts"; that Ypres had been occupied; that there had been fighting near Ghent. We were also informed from France that we might safely disbelieve some disturbing reports from Berlin: (1) that two divisions of French cavalry had been destroyed near the German frontier; (2) that Verdun had been attacked by the Germans; (3) that the siege of Przemyśl had been raised; (4) that Warsaw was in peril. All these stories were of German invention.

We are happy to correct a statement we made last week regarding the Home Office supervision of German agents and spies. The wireless peril has not been "overlooked", and the Government seems now to be aware of its importance. As to the extreme seriousness of the question, we cannot withdraw one word of our article of last week. The Government claims to be able to track down the unofficial wireless operator quickly and easily; but this does not preclude the spy who has some really valuable information from risking detection and arrest in getting it to the enemy. As to the main question, we are not less but more uneasy as we read in full Mr. McKenna's report of a week ago. It is much too confident throughout. Mr. McKenna claims that the German spy system has been broken up and has not been re-established. He produces no convincing evidence of this. He seems to rely for proof of his statement on the fact that no outrages have been committed since war broke out—a fact which proves nothing except that German agents are not foolish enough to waste their efforts and give themselves away for no useful purpose. It is not likely that the trained spies who are undoubtedly established here will commit petty acts of annoyance. They will save themselves to operate to the best advantage.

The French authorities think, with reason, that our Home Office under-estimates the risk from spies. Were the Germans to land in England we might find, as the French have found, that our country is literally swarming with spies, planted in peace time to wait for the moment of effective action. The French guard against spies more carefully than we; nevertheless the Germans were able in time of peace to build gun emplacements at Maubeuge without discovery—also at Namur. We do not in the least believe that the German spy system has been crushed in Great Britain. It would be rash folly to act for a moment upon that assumption. If it were suddenly necessary to mobilise our forces for home defence we suspect that the Home Office would very quickly discover how premature was its self-confidence. We cannot afford in any department of war to underrate the skill and efficiency of the enemy in the organisation of any one of his weapons. The Germans regard their spy system, rightly or wrongly, as one of their most effective means of offence. They will not have neglected to build up their organisation in England with the most elaborate care. We trust that the Home Office is doing all in its power to discover and deal with spies. McKenna's cheerfulness must not be allowed to influence the conduct of the police.

We were glad to read in the "Times" on Thursday a leading article firmly insisting on a point we have persistently urged since war broke out—that the German people is enthusiastic for war, and that the Kaiser was never more popular than in the early weeks of August last. The article was timely, for the British Labour Party published that morning a document about the war which still talked of the "military caste". The effect of this document was to put the German people in the background and bring forward the German aristocracy. English newspapers should take care that the English public is no longer deceived in this way. All who have followed the war know that it is a national war of the German people. In his next recruiting speech Mr. Lloyd George would do well to dwell less upon the German "junkers" and more upon the German people. We are fighting all Germany. The German manifestoes alone declare it. We are fighting learned Germany, theological Germany, and Socialist Germany not less than military Germany. As the German professors themselves have declared: "The German army and German people are one. This consciousness to-day unites seventy millions of Germans without distinction of education, class, or party".

How resolute is Germany—how completely her people are agreed to fight to a finish—how thoroughly they have learned from their Government, their newspapers, and their professors to rejoice in war and to hate the enemy—appears very clearly from a letter published in the "Times" on Thursday from Mr. H. Stuart Jones. A correspondent writes from Germany telling Mr. Jones "how many thousands of volunteers are waiting impatiently to be enrolled; how many elderly, and even old, retired men and officers have joined the Army voluntarily, content with a lower rank than they had before; how many gentlemen civilians are serving as privates and bearing all the work and privations with their comrades of the lowest ranks. There are elderly fathers entered as recruits and being drilled by their own sons and nephews". This letter should be quoted everywhere. It completely destroys the fiction of our pacifists that the German people are being forcibly driven into the fight. It is absurd to believe that Germany will seize the first opportunity to put down her rulers and seek for peace. Not till the German armies are utterly crushed in the field will there be any faltering on the part of our enemy.

The secret and systematic activity of the German secret service has in South Africa happily achieved only a small success. The German Government had brilliant hopes of South Africa. It was the last country in arms against England, and it is vexed with racial

politics. The Germans reckoned upon a clean revolt of the Dutch, a quick overpowering of the whole Union, and a firm grasp by their troops upon the rebel territory. These hopes have been disappointed. General Botha leads to-day an army of the Union against the Germans in Africa, and he is warmly supported by General Smuts. General Hertzog, leader of the Dutch racial party, has remained loyal. General Beyers—the bitterest enemy of the English in South Africa, still nursing the memory of old battles and grievances—has been content to resign. South Africa is loyal for Great Britain and for the cause of our Allies in the war with Germany. There has been a little discord and difference of view as to the extent of South Africa's responsibility. But this has now given way to General Botha's determination, speaking for the majority of his people, that the Union shall go into the war with all its resources and without reserve.

But there was a traitor in the camp. Lieutenant-Colonel Maritz has covered himself with infamy. His crime is briefly this: he obtained men and money from the Union Government, which he has sold to the enemy. He is now in touch with the Governor of German South-West Africa, who is naturally anxious to use his tool to the best advantage. Incidentally Maritz has tried quite unsuccessfully to implicate in his treachery men of authority and importance. He has, for example, asked the Union Government, in an insolent ultimatum, to allow him to confer with Generals Hertzog and De Wet. Needless to say, these men are quite free of any understanding with Maritz. Maritz's ultimatum and the formal talk of a Republic to be offered to the Dutch people, are merely an attempt of the German Governor to give the affair importance in the eyes of the world. It enables him to give to this mean affair—the purchase of an unscrupulous adventurer by a Government not particular in the choice of its instruments—the dignity of a "rebellion".

The purchase of Maritz will be made a great deal of in German newspapers and by German agencies abroad; but the facts are too clear for any serious and permanent deception. The incident has at once proved the solidarity of the Union. Martial law was at once proclaimed to defend and protect the interests of loyal South Africans against the agents and spies of the enemy. These agents and spies are more dangerous to the State than Maritz; and the Proclamation wisely insists that their poisonous activity is the chief motive for the vigilance and swiftness of the Union Government. Much mischief may be done among credulous and ignorant farmers of the back veldt, who have never yet really come into touch with the English in South Africa, by the plausible misrepresentations of German agents. These agents will be instructed to lie about the cause of the war in Europe, about the motives and intentions of the Powers engaged, about Germany's friendliness and disinterested zeal for the welfare of South Africa. We have to imagine the secret propaganda actively proceeding among a people who may not have seen an English newspaper since war broke out. When we think of the conditions, it is a wonder that the systematic instigation of German agents in South Africa has had such small results. Up to the present it has made one conspicuous traitor, and it has stimulated recruiting at Pretoria.

King Carol of Rumania undertook the government of a distracted province, ridden by the Turks, and made of it a prosperous kingdom. He came to the task as a Hohenzollern and a stranger to the Rumanian factions. By prestige of name and character he succeeded in becoming a strong ruler, representing, like so many strong kings before him, the nation against the parties of the nation. His position in the present crisis was difficult. His people are ready—they are even eager—to accept the invitation of Russia to come into the war as a Slav Power. King Carol, as a Hohenzollern, could only have acceded to their

wishes by a complete sacrifice of his personal ties. The problem now remains for his successor.

How well did Heine judge the coming generation of German teachers! He exactly foresaw how they would destroy the Germany of Goethe and Lessing—that amiable, cosmopolitan, cultivated and philosophic Germany of the early nineteenth century. The anonymous correspondent of the "Times" who reminded us a few weeks ago how Heine prophesied that modern German "culture" would end in the bombarding of Christian cathedrals, recalls this week another passage in Heine. "The patriotism of the German", it runs, "consists in this: that his whole heart becomes narrow, that it crumples up like leather in the cold, that it hates what is foreign, that he will no longer be a cosmopolite (*Weltbürger*), no longer a European, but only a narrow German. Then did we see the idealistic boorishness which Herr Jahn reduced to a system. Then began the shabby, stupid, unwashed opposition to the temper which is the noblest and the holiest thing that Germany has brought forth, to that humanity, that sense of the universal brotherhood of men, that cosmopolitanism to which our greatest intellects, Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Jean Paul [Richter], to which all cultivated men in Germany have always done homage." Heine here puts the mental revolution of Germany very clearly and accurately. It is a wonderful example of prescience.

In our leading article on 8 August, "The Crime of Germany", we spoke of the German policy as being that of a cutpurse and a brigand. Here is a list of Germany's ransoms up till to-day:

	£
Brussels	8,000,000
Liège	2,000,000
Louvain	4,000
Province of Brabant	18,000,000
Lille	280,000
Valenciennes	42,000
Amiens	40,000
Roubaix and Tourcoing	40,000
Lens	28,000
Armentières	20,000
Antwerp	20,000,000
Total	48,454,000

We also said at the start of the war that Germany was making war just for the sake of "stuff", money, possessions. Viewed in the light of the figures above, those expressions cannot be described as harsh or exaggerated.

Pending National Service—which every patriotic and, one may say, every sane person in our country now agrees must come after the war—it is the clear duty of the great employers of labour to stimulate recruiting by all means in their power. They must not be passively, they must, if they are patriotic, be actively willing that their men should join the new army. We urge them that now is the time. Some are passive, others active in the matter. We could wish to see all the great employers trying to outdo the really splendid record of one firm, Boots the cash chemists. This firm has already sent the grand total of 544 men to the Army. What is more, a large number of these men had already got the elements of training in them when they enlisted, as their employers encouraged training and rifle practice before the war. The public are not likely to forget this firm's fine record. We are delighted to say a word for it. But will not other great firms now enter into a keen competition? Will they not at once explain to their men the very serious nature of the German success at Antwerp? It is to the credit of our recruits that they are more likely to enlist when the prospect is dark than when all seems to be going well.

We do not wish to interfere with or say a word against games and recreations at the present time;

and indeed there is no reason in the world why people should not play football and golf and tennis. It helps to keep them fit and bright. Nothing could be wiser in its way than games reasonably and moderately enjoyed just now. But there are limits which cannot be overstepped with decency or common sense. Professional football, when watched by thousands of young men—who clearly ought not to be watchers at all, but actors on quite another field—is one example of a game not reasonably or moderately enjoyed at this time. It is a downright bad exhibition, and the talk about cup-ties and so forth is little short of debasing. Then there is horse racing. We will not say anything here of the actual racing. Perhaps a good deal can be argued in its favour. But surely the betting side of the sport might be entirely abandoned at the present time? The chatter about the odds and double events and starred tips and so forth is at this time, if at no other time, surely quite out of place.

As to the quotation in our article "The Honour of a Nation" last week, Miss E. C. Powell kindly writes to remind us that the author of the lines was Shelley, not Wordsworth. The lines run:—

"Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong:

They learn in suffering what they teach in song". The lines occur in that charming and naturally written conversational poem, "Julian and Maddalo". As to Wordsworth, our correspondent rightly says: "Surely his sonnets should be more studied than they are, or seem to be, to-day, especially those on 'Liberty and Patriotism'. I have heard Wordsworth ridiculed by the head mistress of a large school—evidently she judges poets by their worst productions." Wordsworth, at a time like this, can scarcely be read too widely or often. We most of us, strenuous or otherwise, need some of his "iron calm".

We would recommend Wordsworth (and Matthew Arnold) at this time; and in this relation we may mention a very interesting passage which occurs in one of the introductory essays contained in the Winchester Edition of Izaak Walton's book, "The Compleat Angler". It will be noticed on page lii. of that edition, which Messrs. Freemantle published in 1902. The passage runs thus: "Strenuous minds should go to Wordsworth; they will find there all that there is in Walton and very much more; but surely to everybody who is not, either from some defect of sense or from some impurity of soul, incapable of feeling the beauty of the world 'The Compleat Angler' will always bring rest, help, and delight. And let everybody who reads Walton read, at any rate, Wordsworth's sonnet about him, which should be printed in every future edition of Walton's book." The writer of this passage was the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Next week the SATURDAY REVIEW will publish a special Literary Number dealing with some of the important books which are being now issued. We think it only right and fair to express our admiration of the spirit which many of the London publishing houses, large and small, are showing. They are making a brave attempt to keep business well alive in a market which, as everyone knows, is one of the first to suffer seriously at a time like this; and keeping the publishing business alive means, of course, the livelihood of a large number of people and their families who are concerned in the printing, publishing, binding, and selling of books; as well, of course, as the actual writers. We hope to deal with this whole question at length in next week's SATURDAY REVIEW: meanwhile we would say that, whereas books are about the first "luxury" to be cut down at a time like this, they distinctly ought to be the last. We trust our readers and all whom they can influence will not fail to remember that the publishers are admirably striving to do their duty to-day and will support this trade.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE GREATEST NEED TO-DAY.

THERE are two evil mistakes concerning the enemy against which it is the duty of everyone to guard perpetually. First, we must on no account underrate the strength of the German nation in arms. Second, we must on no account condone the offences of Germany against the laws of honour and of war. The two motives for recruiting in Great Britain are (1) the might of our antagonist, (2) his wicked conduct and false morality. To slur either of these things is to offend against truth and to fail in service to the cause for which we are fighting. We will begin in this article with German efficiency. The Germans have carried out with entire success a great military enterprise. The efficiency and the thoroughness of their act are beyond dispute. They have planted themselves fast in Antwerp, where—no matter how much we argue and differ about the precise military or naval advantages or disadvantages of the step—they are a very grave menace to Great Britain. It is childish, or—far worse—it is wicked folly and false pride, to try to hide from ourselves and our people and from the world at large this extremely important and plain fact. Let us face it straight.

The Germans are fast in Antwerp and have come with the full intention to stay. So long as they remain there it is a pistol, and a pistol of the latest make, no blunderbuss, levelled at the head of this country. It does not need a Napoleon to assure us of that exceedingly clear, obvious fact: the common sense of any intelligent person will assure him of it: he cannot indeed blind himself to it. We shall have to force the Germans out of Antwerp, if we are to continue our existence with the least degree of certainty as a Great Power. The way to do that is not by entering, now the siege of Antwerp is over, into an angry debate among ourselves as to whether the First Lord of the Admiralty was to blame or not for sending to the aid of the town and army a small force of British marines which was quite inadequate to the task. We do not doubt that the "Morning Post", in raising the question, was moved by honourable motives—for it has steadily shown itself a patriotic journal with an excellent record of conduct in public matters. But the point is that, now nothing can be done to recall the incident, we had better forget it as a detail in the war; and already matters of far greater moment are pressing.

The first of these matters that press for our instant energy and resolution is the question of more men. We are not getting recruits for our new army nearly so freely and quickly as we should. At the very least we ought to be recruiting at the rate of 20,000 to 25,000 men a week in order to have—trained and seasoned, ready for the field—a force with which, some time in 1915 or 1916 (if indeed it can be done so soon as that) we may finish the war and arrange the settlement. We agree with Lord Roberts, of course, that the present is not a good time for a compulsory or national service campaign. It is too obviously not a good time, for this reason—and this reason largely—that all the old-fashioned, reactionary and unpatriotic opponents of the first duty of civilised citizenship—namely the duty of defending one's country and one's liberties—would at once raise an ignoble outcry; and as a result we should as a nation lose our cohesion and our united front.

Nevertheless, the men must be forthcoming far quicker than they are forthcoming now, or the end may be a downright disaster. We venture to hope that Lord Kitchener will be able to enforce on the Government the necessity of bringing a far larger body of young men to the recruiting stations quicker than is being done to-day. This, after all, is the one supreme matter of moment which surpasses all the others. Lately, in a speech very well meant, but, in our opinion, expressed in a flamboyant and too boastful vein—a speech which seems, however, to have carried off their feet our contemporaries, daily and weekly, Tory and Radical alike!

—Mr. Lloyd George made much play with talk about "silver bullets". It is the "silver bullets" that will win, he declared, and everybody talked about "silver bullets" for several days afterwards. Mr. Lloyd George should read a certain saying by Macchiavelli to the effect that it is not money that wins wars. Macchiavelli was right. It is not wealth that wins wars. It is manhood: and unless we can quickly—very quickly indeed—bring our young manhood to the scratch, all the accumulating millions in the Bank of England will not save France, extricate poor Belgium, and win the war. Therefore, it is clear that the Government must bring up their recruits at once and on a great scale, either through persuasive or through compulsive means. The alternative to this is to lose the war and to lose the Empire and our liberty; and to become, as the Government put it a few years ago, the conscript appanage of a foreign Power.

GERMANY THE CUT-THROAT.

WE have in the foregoing article given the Germans full credit for the power and thoroughness of their military stroke in Belgium. It would be idle and ridiculous to deny that the German Army is proving itself a very great war machine; and gradually all we have said in the SATURDAY REVIEW, again and again from the start of the war, about the strength and mighty resources of the enemy is being brought home to our Press and countrymen. It is also being borne in on them that the great body of the entire German people are in this war. Mr. Lloyd George's talk the other day about its being an affair of the Kaiser and the Junkers—in fact, a war of the Dukes and swells—is pure nonsense, on a par with the absurd attitude of certain Socialist and advanced Radical papers in this country who try to affect that the great mass of the German people, the workers and the poorer classes, are not in and of the war at all—in fact, that it is a sort of Peers v. People affair, and only wants a Parliament Act or two to put it all right! As a fact, of course, all classes of German people are intensely in the war and of the war.

But we turn now from German zeal and mastery in war to the question of German morality and culture. It was Jeremy Bentham, we think, who coined the word "phthisozoics", which he defined as the art of exterminating inferior animals that threaten inconvenience to ourselves. We, the French, the Belgians, and the Russians, are, from a German point of view, inferior creatures that threaten inconvenience, and now that the war has entered on its third month we begin to have a quite clear conception of how the Germans mean to carry out their phthisozoic art. At the start of the war we described the proposals of Germany to Great Britain—the proposals as to Belgium, France, and the French Colonies—as those of the brigand and the cutpurse. The description was exact and literally true. Both in Belgium and in France, Germany has on several occasions declared herself the brigand pure and simple by demanding a large ransom from various towns she has entered, and by putting a pistol at the head of her victims and threatening death, or at least imprisonment, if the money is not forthcoming. Germany did this at Brussels, and now has repeated the process at Antwerp. That is clearly one branch, the least drastic, of the German phthisozoic art. Let us glance through the German record of culture during the last two months and see what the other most striking branches of it are. The bombardment and seizure of Antwerp, except for this act of brigandage, is perhaps barren of examples. So far as we know, the Germans have acted with soldierly restraint over Antwerp. There is not, for example, the smallest evidence that they tried to shell the cathedral; and we do not learn that they have marched off any of the remaining inhabitants to forced labour across the German border; or shot old men, boys and priests; or ravished women;

or on their entry burnt and totally demolished any public institution, such as the library at Louvain; or sacked the wine and cigar shops and given rein to the instinct for drunken orgies such as they celebrated at, for example, Fère-Champanoise—so admirably depicted lately by Mr. Frederick Villiers in the "Illustrated London News". In short, over Antwerp the Germans clearly have confined themselves to the natural rigour of modern civilised warfare. The bombardment of Antwerp, it is true, has resulted in the disastrous flight of a great multitude of poor suffering people, an agony on which we dare not trust ourselves to dwell; nevertheless it is only right to admit that at Brussels, which surrendered, and at Antwerp, which held out, the Germans—except for the act of brigandage at both places—have contented themselves with civilized warfare.

Looking back through the record of the war, those are seen to be the two respectable achievements of German culture in Belgium. All the rest is one frightful welter of broken faith, of wanton butchery, of loot and lust, and of the planned and authorised burning and battering to pieces of priceless heirlooms belonging not only to the inferior creatures in Germany's way but to the world generally. We are quite aware that most of these murders and other crimes were committed on a concerted plan—in order to make the name of Germany terrible and to quell the Dutch. But that does not in the smallest degree exonerate the Germans; on the contrary it makes their crime the greater.

As we said last week, we daresay that the most striking exhibitions of German culture are yet to come. Before the Germans are finally forced out of Belgium and France, which can hardly be till next year, they will very probably manage to set a deeper mark on their victims than they have made as yet. Their disorganised retreat may be signalised—we fear it is almost sure to be—by greater outrages than their advance has shown. What they are doing in the green leaf may be even slight compared with what they will do in the dry. But, looking over the list, we have not the faintest doubt about this: they have already done enough to assure the civilised world that there can be no peace, no safety, no justice until they have been completely stamped out as a striking power.

Looking at Germany's action with what charity we will, making all allowances for exaggerated reports that can in reason be made, it still remains extremely clear that her cause to-day is the cause of the cut-purse and the cutthroat.

Let us set under six heads the more diabolic of the acts which Germany, utterly contrary to the whole spirit and code of international law, is committing in her conduct of the war.

(1) She has deliberately burnt the priceless buildings and library of the ancient university of Louvain.

(2) She has shelled and ruined the cathedral of Reims, which was one of the most glorious buildings in the world and cannot be replaced or restored.

(3) She has not only suffered, but beyond the vestige of a doubt she has encouraged, the baser and more dissolute officers and men of her army, otherwise brave and soldierly, to murder a large number of unarmed non-combatants in various Belgian towns and villages, such as Louvain, Aerschot, and Termonde. As we have not yet received any official and exact facts about corresponding outrages by Germany on French soil, we confine ourselves to the Belgian outrages, which are now established by absolutely authoritative documents based on official observation. These outrages include (a) the murder of old men, boys, and priests, and (b) the ravishing and mutilation of women.

(4) She has permitted and encouraged both in Belgium and in France the robbing of hotels, wine and cigar stores, and of many private houses, particularly of chateaux in France, the loot of which in one notorious instance has been reserved for the Crown Prince.

(5) She has mined the open seas without giving the smallest warning to neutrals, and thereby inflicted loss of life on non-combatants.

(6) She has used, and is still persistently using, her aircraft for dropping bombs at random on public

buildings—such as Notre Dame in Paris—not put to any warlike purpose, and for wounding and killing helpless and harmless non-combatants.

All these acts are entirely contrary to every canon and custom of modern warfare among civilised people; and a single one of them persisted in should suffice to make the country guilty of it an outlaw among nations.

But these six crimes by no means sum up the whole offence of Germany against civilisation and humanity. There was that first cynical and naked breach of treaty faith in the violation of the neutrality of Luxemburg and then of Belgium; and the German Chancellor's promise to make good the wrong to Belgium, which Germany has kept by murdering the peasants and sacking and burning the towns and homes. And then there is that highly organised and State-directed system of hard brazen lying, which in some ways is the most demoralising act of all, a shocking thing that seems to poison the air with its miasma of craft and hypocrisy. It would be difficult to lay too much stress on this particular abomination of the German Government and apparently of the entire body of German officialism concerned with the war. History has records of bloody violence and of national breaches of faith as sinister no doubt as Germany's to-day. The Huns and other barbarians may have been—they probably were—fiercer and more pitiless in taking the lives of the unarmed, and in sacking and destroying, than are the Germans to-day. But in the considered cult of wholesale falsehood there has been nothing comparable with the German method. We earnestly trust that the United States and other countries will not, in the horrors of Louvain, Aerschot, and other Belgian towns, overlook or underestimate this methodising of the lie and employment of it as a State instrument: for it is extremely important that neutral countries should recognise in Germany a State whose word cannot for a moment be trusted. To treat or traffic with such a State, until it is down and under, is supreme folly.

We have put the German outrages in Belgium at a minimum, and have restricted ourselves to mentioning those crimes which are proved by official evidence, or by facts—such as the shelling of the cathedral at Reims and the dropping of bombs on Paris and elsewhere—which the Germans themselves do not deny. Scores, hundreds, of charges of abominable crimes against men, women and children have been brought against the Germans in Belgium and France of which we take no account here. There is no official or absolutely authoritative and trustworthy evidence of them; and we daresay that many have been exaggerated. We have, at any rate, once or twice, in regard to crimes in France, preferred to reserve our judgment in spite of very strong evidence. But when all the doubtful mass of evidence has been put aside, enough remains to convict the Germans of diabolic crime and cruelty in their conduct of the war. No civilised Government can desire to treat with them now. And there can be no real sense of ease or security in the world until the German war machine has been completely smashed and the Hohenzollern rule closed for good. Then, and not till then, in the line of Matthew Arnold's noble poem on the empires and their making—"The band will quit man's heart he will breathe free".

THE POLICY OF ITALY.

WE have never approved of making an urgent call upon Italy to come into the war. Any such call seems to us undignified and mischievous. Its want of dignity is clear. Great Britain should beware of appearing to solicit help from any Power whom unprompted conscience or self-interest does not drive into the struggle of free will. This is not the time for anxiously seeking new alliances and friends. Great Britain should now be more intent upon the sacrifices required of herself than upon urging new parties into the field. Great Britain has to bear a high and resolute

part in the war. Nothing can save us from a great and necessary effort for which we shall need all our self-reliance and singleness of heart. We must not be glancing continually to the east, where Russia, our great ally, is achieving heroic and serviceable things. Nor must we look to the south, where Italy still hovers between peace and war. What Italy may do is her own affair. Our own immediate business is in France and Belgium. The position of Italy is an interesting question of the war, and we recognise its importance—for Italy. But deliberately and urgently to tempt Italy from her chosen path would clearly be false to our increasing recognition of responsibility—to the rising determination of our people to bear their own heavy and important share in the fighting without looking to right or left. There has been too much appealing to Powers like Italy and Rumania in certain quarters. These appeals are mischievous, because they indirectly tend to postpone our conviction—a conviction necessary to the honour and safety of Great Britain—that this war has yet to demand of us enormous sacrifices which we alone can meet. No appealing can alter that undoubted truth. Not for a moment must our people be allowed to suppose, by catching at the sleeve of a new friend, that the old friends will be spared their strongest efforts, or ourselves be allowed to stand free of suffering and bitter loss. Should Italy, Rumania, or Portugal be willing, of their own motion, to come into the league of Europe their assistance will be received as a pledge that their interests lie with our own rather than with the enemy. Undoubtedly they could help to weaken the enemy. They might spare the Allies in blood and treasure. But these considerations are of less moment than the need of all those who are already in the quarrel to bear it resolutely without a thought beyond the individual national effort of each member of the league. It would be as evil to count at this time upon the intervention of fresh allies to help us in the war as it would be for General Joffre or for General French and Lord Kitchener to rely upon the Grand Duke Nicholas to save Belgium. The duty of Great Britain is plain. She must not even seem to appeal to any Power outside her alliance with France and Russia; and she must firmly decide that for any fresh help that may come to her she must consider herself pledged to even further efforts. The more strength that is brought into this great struggle, the more it is our duty to be powerful. Great Britain must count supremely in this war.

We therefore disclaim any zeal to influence Italy's decision, and we assert, without offence, that the Allied Powers are in no sense anxious to scrape up acquaintanceships and friendships merely because they happen to be at war with a strong and unscrupulous enemy. Nevertheless, Italy's position is an important factor of the struggle; and we admit that, if Italy decided to enter the war against Germany, it would be to the good; also that Italy, entering the war at this moment of suspense, would be entitled to all the regard that a loyal friend who has helped a colleague may expect. Italy, in brief, would have a clear right to be considered in the counsels of peace. But here a warning is necessary. If Italy is to retain the respect of Europe Italy must declare without delay her policy. Now is the time, or never, to declare for one party or the other; or to proclaim a strict and abiding neutrality. An opportunity is offered at this moment owing to the severe illness of the Marquis di San Guilianno. Italy's foreign policy must not pass into other hands and remain, as at present, ambiguous. We can respect Italy's decision to be neutral to the last; we can respect Italy as a declared enemy or open friend. But it is impossible to respect a Power which merely waits upon the event. Italy should at once dispel the idea which, rightly or wrongly, has suggested itself to many close observers of her attitude that she has formed the evil plan of waiting till the labour and peril are past with the idea of entering the war in its later and easier stages. If Italy stays out of the war while the war is costly and painful, Italy must in self-respect stay out

of the war altogether. Were she to come in only at the last the consequences for herself would be disastrous. She would lose in reputation and in power. Italy would have no claim whatever as a combatant after the event. The present contest is on so vast a scale—the refashioning of Europe after the war will have to be on lines so broad and far-reaching—that the military occupation of this or that scrap of territory by late-comers cannot be considered. The title of every party in the general settlement will have to be roughly measured by the life and treasure it has brought into the league. Suppose, for example, that Italy, after Austria had been stricken helpless by Servia and Russia, were to occupy Istria. It is not conceivable, in the event of so cynical and disreputable an act, that Italy would be allowed to profit by the toil and conquest of the Slav armies. If Italy is to come into the war with profit and honour she must come into the war without delay, as a friend of whom we may be proud, or as an enemy whom we may respect. Otherwise let her now declare outright that she will continue to the end to keep the peace.

Meantime we gratefully admit that the Italian people have all through the present crisis shown the friendliest understanding of the motives of the Allied Powers in accepting the challenge of Germany. It is the more important for the Italian Government to realise exactly how an attitude of ambiguity, followed by decisive action at a later stage, would be viewed by the Allied Powers. We would do Italy the service of seriously warning her off any attempt to play the game of waiting for a turn of the field. In this great crisis of the world's history it is for every reputable nation to keep bright her name and faith, to act with a frank integrity of purpose. The eye of history upon this period will be very searching and severe. Belgium has set up a standard of national virtue that will vividly discover to the historian the weak places of her friends and enemies. No nation that values its fame would care to be on the wrong side of a luminous comparison with the nation that fought at Liège and Antwerp. It is no time for a policy of calculated selfishness and we hesitate to believe that the country of Cavour would be guilty of such a policy.

There is another country at this moment in precisely the same position as Italy. For Rumania, too, it is a question of intervening now or remaining permanently aloof. The death of King Carol and the crowning of his successor gives to Rumania the same opportunity of declaring her policy as has come to Italy in the impending change of her foreign minister. Russia has invited the Rumanians to occupy their racial territories—the Bukowina and Transylvania. Undoubtedly it will be difficult for Rumania—in the zone of war—to keep her neutrality, and undoubtedly the Rumanians desire to work with the Slavs. But King Carol was a Hohenzollern, and the Government has a firm brake upon the war movement. Here, again, we must not seek to urge, to tempt, to provoke, to search for friends among peoples of different leanings and interests, who conceive they are affected less vitally than ourselves by the present issues. We simply declare it as the duty of every Government to-day to deal frankly. All Europe is now committed to a revolution, troubled with war, plunged into disaster, ruined where in peace she has appeared fairest and best. Any Government that secretly thinks to make long-headed profits for herself out of the misery and confusion of fighting rivals is risking its reputation in return for advantages it will never be allowed to retain.

THE LITTLE NATIONS.

THIS war has brought the little nations before the eyes of the world. Germany, by her disregard of the rights of Belgium and Luxemburg, has clearly offended the conscience of all neutral observers. The British case speaks for itself in the Miscellaneous

Correspondence. The damaging German admissions which it contains no doubt account for the fact that this correspondence is prohibited in Germany and that the German Press accuses Britain of treachery. Our "treachery", as we shall proceed to emphasise yet again in this article, consists in being true to the treaties we have backed, true to our interests, and true to our traditional policy.

From that policy the Foreign Office has scarcely varied: its material, apart from its moral, basis was clearly and not inaccurately summarised by the German Chancellor in his interview with Sir E. Goschen on 29 July, when "he said that it was clear, so far as he was able to judge the main principle which governed British policy, that Great Britain would never stand by and allow France to be crushed in any conflict there might be". That is to say, Britain cannot allow any Power to secure the hegemony of the Continent, lest it should endanger the independence of the United Kingdom; and as a logical consequence Britain has always taken a friendly interest in maintaining the independence of the smaller European States. In doing so she protects her own interests against excessive Continental ambitions; and by a happy coincidence of policy and national feeling, this self-assumed rôle of protector of small States harmonises with the national love of liberty, which has always protested—sometimes to the embarrassment of the diplomatists—against any attempt at aggression by a Great Power against a smaller. The popular English agitations in favour of Polish, Italian, and Finnish national movements are typical cases; the oratorical success of Mr. Gladstone's "Pilgrimage of Passion" on behalf of the smaller Balkan nationalities also owed something to our traditional championing of the cause of the weak.

Mr. Gladstone pressed the doctrine of the small State too far. England feels for the small State as a good thing in itself, on some of the grounds which the Danish professor, Dr. Georg Brandes, once enumerated—that a small State may have ideals of art, literature, music, and distinctive national character, which are valuable to the world as well as to the people who cultivate them. Their existence is also, as the present Prime Minister has finely phrased it, a proof that "material force is not the dominant influence and factor in the development of mankind". But England cannot assume, and has not assumed, the indiscriminate rôle of the protector of small States throughout Europe. To do so would not merely involve us in continual diplomatic friction or even war, and so hazard our own national interests and Imperial welfare, but it would be a task far beyond our power. If we bound ourselves to protect every small State, we should be unable to carry out our bond; and it is the first thought of English diplomacy to stand by its word. A treaty is with us a binding thing unless and until it is formally repudiated.

British diplomacy has, therefore, sought—and it is in keeping with the English character and love of compromise that it should have sought—a middle way. We have used, and sometimes exhausted in vain, British diplomatic influence on behalf of small States whenever we conceived they were unduly pressed by greater neighbours; but we have entered into no formal bond on their account unless we could fulfil it, and we have refused to rush into war in aid of a small State so remote that we could not adequately succour it, or so strange to our people that public opinion was unmoved by the rights or wrongs of the issue. That was the calculation that Mr. Gladstone failed to make in Midlothian; and it is precisely on this point that Sir Edward Grey has proved himself so true an interpreter of British interests. Three several issues, each concerned with a small State in the popular meaning of the word, were presented to him during the fateful week that ended on 4 August; and in each case he held the balance firmly and truly. The first was the case of Serbia against Austria; the second of Germany against Luxemburg; the third of Germany against Belgium. In each instance the Great Power was the aggressor, but the Foreign Secretary drew a distinction between each.

Austria invented a plausible case against Serbia, whereas Germany had no case at all against either Luxemburg or Belgium—for she did not even trump up a case against Luxemburg, and the absurd charge against Belgium was so transparently false that the German Chancellor, in a sudden access of oratorical honesty, abandoned the case and frankly admitted that Germany was doing a wrong thing. But the difference in the guilt of the aggression was not the only cause of England's intervention. There were other considerations; and we are glad to think that this fact is so clearly perceived abroad, since it shows that the essential workings of British diplomacy are thoroughly seized by onlookers. There was an apparent case against Serbia—though we do not admit it was just—but Serbia is far from England, there are no ties between the two countries, and English public opinion was in no way stirred because Austria had made demands which might or might not be excessive against her neighbour. We doubt whether the average Englishman read the text of the Austrian ultimatum or the Servian reply. If he did, he remained unmoved, and Sir Edward Grey frankly recognised that public opinion here would not sanction anything more on behalf of Serbia than the diplomatic pressure which he applied—and would have applied with success, as Sir Maurice de Bunsen's final despatch shows, had not Germany intervened. Sir E. Grey, however much he felt for Serbia, could not fairly have asked the English people to suffer on Serbia's behalf.

In any event we had not plighted our word to Serbia. With Luxemburg and Belgium the case was different. To both those small States we had given our word to protect their perpetual neutrality—and the co-signatories with Britain were France, Prussia, and Russia. But there was an important distinction between our guarantee to Luxemburg and Belgium, due to geography and the foresight of Lord Derby. Luxemburg is an inland State whose frontiers nowhere touch our frontiers, which are the sea; Belgium has a coastline adjacent to ours, and therefore lies within our reach. We can carry out our guarantee to Belgium, but we could not in every conceivable case carry out our guarantee to Luxemburg, since it is possible that every means of access to that Duchy might be barred. Lord Derby, foreseeing this, made the guarantee a collective one between the contracting Powers, whereas the guarantee to Belgium is an individual one, by which Britain binds herself to co-operate with the one contracting Power when the other contracting Power violates Belgian territory.

Germany had no better right to invade Luxemburg than Belgium; but Sir Edward Grey properly recognised that the latter case was the more important of the two, and, although each might have been a *casus belli*, he founded himself on the Belgian instance and vindicated the "scrap of paper" which Prussia had signed equally with ourselves.

Through these whole negotiations British diplomacy shows itself straight, clean, and sensible, seeking peace rather than war, but preferring war to dishonour and the breaking of a formal bond. That is the reason why the cause for which we are fighting is recognised as the cause of civilisation, and why German diplomacy has been universally condemned in neutral countries, even apart from its blundering and hectoring explanations that the war has been fastened on Germany by jealous Allies seeking their own advantage. Britain's hands were free—until Germany forced them. Our diplomacy has been built up on a solid basis, compact of self-interest and the interest of the smaller nations; and the world frankly recognises that the position was both understandable and correct, and the means by which we have defended that position necessary to our self-respect. Our obligation to Belgium was to us a just thing, and in the words of Cromwell, "We thought, being denied just things, we thought it our duty to get that by the sword which was not to be got otherwise. And this hath been the spirit of Englishmen."

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 11) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

"It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For Peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintained, assembled, and collected
As were a war in expectation."

—Henry V.

BELGIUM, whilst in the act of imposing upon her manhood the first duty which men owe to a State, has been caught in the toils of war. Imperfect "defences, musters, preparations" have yielded to the might of arms, and as a kingdom she is bereft of all but flag and honour. She has paid dearly for ignoring the principles upon which alone national security is based, for nations only act with safety when they are prepared and are able to develop their strength to the utmost. That is the lesson to Europe of this twentieth Christian century. Not even if she willed, proud as her spirit may be, could Belgium now collect, arm, and equip a force which could deal with the Power which now holds so firm a grip upon her soil. What a lesson! Are we in any way prepared to develop our strength to the utmost? Relatively we are far behind Belgium in our preparations for carrying on a stubborn war. Why need the Lord Chancellor in his recruiting meetings remind his audiences that we have 44 millions when we cannot place a half-million in the field that are fit to meet a modern foe? If weakness invites aggression, then nobody is more responsible for the present war and the poverty in numbers with which we enter the lists than the Lord Chancellor himself. Is he now sufficiently convinced to acknowledge his error and to suggest the only alternative which will place the decision of this huge struggle beyond question? That we can find brains in the administration of both Navy and Army has been already proved. The creation by Mr. Balfour of the Defence Committee, now expanded into large War Staffs under the aegis of Lord Haldane, who brought his profound brain into dealing with the subject of war, is a matter on which the country should be grateful to the Lord Chancellor; but war demands men as well as brains, and there we fail in our methods. The sub-committees of the Imperial Defence Committee have learnt to work with the officials of other departments of the State, and friction no longer exists where it was formerly so pronounced. Its first triumph was shown in the manner of dealing with the great strike of 1911. The fall of Antwerp is either the undoing or the making of the British people. We English have got to put the Kingdom of Belgium on to its feet again or else be prepared to see the Rhine mouths open under the German flag, and thus have for generations to come to pay the penalty of becoming a nation in arms. Better make bold to face the extreme eventuality which will be cheaper in the long run both in life and treasure. With such a backing we certainly should not despair of imposing our will on the German foe. Given men enough, it is but a question of time as to when our purpose will be fulfilled; but the purpose of the nation's will should be burnt into the mind of every able-bodied Briton through the instrument of personal liability. No need to call up all the men liable to serve simultaneously, for good reasons well known to all. Pass them to the Reserve when mustered, and classify them according to age and again according to requirements in the various arms. No need to pay them their daily Reserve Pay and let it go down their throats, but give them the accumulation of it when called up to join the Colours. The main aim should be to let the manhood of the nation know by means of the law that Great Britain is at war, and at war for a cause which is vital to the country. We have never even asked this question of our manhood—Does or does not the life of a citizen belong to his country? We know that we possess millions of grandmothers of both sexes who have never even given a thought to such a question.

Lord Haldane himself has been credited with the

saying that "only after another war will our nation accept compulsory service". We are beginning "another war" not under too favourable conditions, and our experts warn us that we shall require a million men for the first year's operations and again a million for the second year. We have just passed the first half-million men into the ranks by a stupendous effort and straining the terms of enlistment to the utmost, but the current threatens to stop. The spirit of our youth compares unfavourably with that of his Teuton contemporary. Even after all the numbers have been drawn to meet military requirements in Germany, over a million and a quarter of her sons have come forward for voluntary enlistment. We could muster any day a quarter of a million of able-bodied youths, but only to witness a "Cup Final"—and that in a period when the country is engaged in a death struggle to maintain its word and honour. The shame and the disgrace of it!

THE WESTERN THEATRE.

The strategical paralysis with which the Allied Army is afflicted has permitted the enemy to carry out a fine feat of arms. Behind the well-trenched veil which has held up for four weeks the Allied Forces along the Aisne and to the north and south of that battle line a preparation for a siege operation has been perfected which has enabled the Germans to carry out a set strategical purpose. The fortress of Antwerp, the triumph of Brialmont's engineering art, hitherto considered impregnable, has passed to its assailants in a gun contest of 11 days' duration. It was entirely an artillery operation. What a revolution in war! What lessons for us soldiers, for we are now no longer too proud to learn. And yet one might have somehow anticipated that some sinister purpose was being evolved behind the movements of various small forces in the Belgian area. Our engineers and our gunners have already learnt during the war that the huge gun which has now come into the field as a surprise requires a sound concrete platform to take the blow of its discharge. Were not Maubeuge and Namur, both of which forts fell without a return blow, encircled with concrete tennis courts already laid in the position of gun sites for a future purpose? We are being shown daily that we are novices in war tricks. Have the environs of Paris any prepared sites for similar purposes? Even a concrete cellar of a house may have its use. The German people may well be reconciled to loss of life when the director of the war game can show them the fruits of the thinking power of his brain. When a nation thinks in money and nothing else money will come to it, in spite of competition. When a nation thinks in war and nothing else it finds its reward when put to competition with other less war-thinking brains. The marked success of the German arms is due to the brain power put into the triumphant administration it has shown in being able to move its armies within its own frontiers. Even now, so superior is the administrative power to that of the Allies that the latter fail to forestall the German hostile movements with sufficient force although within the Allied frontier. The fall of Antwerp means the overthrow of the Belgians, and is unquestionably a most serious blow to the Allies, and especially to England. The shouts of victory will drown the wails of the widows and the sonless mothers of the German Empire, and the triumph at Antwerp will be the foundation of a new thought on the principles which should guide the protection of strategic frontiers. What town is there on these frontiers that is prepared to withstand the modern thunderbolts which science has evolved? But there is no present cause for despair. The massing of the Allied cavalry on the left flank of the defensive line and its co-operation with other forces may yet turn the scale of war, and Belgium may yet prove the shambles of a German army. The movement for this purpose is no doubt somewhat belated. Had it been possible to carry it out as suggested in my letter No. 4 (29 August), it is doubtful if even Brussels would have been in hostile hands. To regain Antwerp is England's task, and we shall have to bombard the German within the fortress with something better than

abuse if we mean to get him out. A swift, telling blow before the defences can be reconstructed can alone give any hope for success in the task. The retention of Antwerp in German hands opens up fathomless political and economic questions independent of those of naval and military strategy. No man knew the value of Antwerp as having the making of a thorn in the side of England better than Napoleon. He made a state entry into the city on 18 July 1803, and again visited it on 30 September 1811. His object on the first occasion was to visit the harbour and fortifications and to make of Antwerp a great naval base against England. We may anticipate the present possessors of the city to have the same objective. Let us brush away the question of violation of the neutral territory of Holland in this set purpose, for the conquerors are themselves guarantors of the neutrality of the soil on which this citadel is built. The capture of Antwerp has all the makings of another war in generations to come, but as a strategic point in this year's campaign it marks the end of a flank which is practically unassailable. The recapture of Antwerp by the Allies must form the setting of a new combination in the strategic plan. No independent action by small forces acting from divergent bases must be allowed for this purpose. Under the lightning blows which a perfect railway administration has permitted the German General Staff to carry out in both theatres of war a small detached force would run grave risks of capture or destruction if allowed to act away from the support of the flank of the Allied Army. Some 200,000 German troops, buoyed with victory, will be freed to deal with 120,000 dispirited remnants of the Belgian field army, and they will at once seek them out for destruction. Any reinforcements that can be spared for the purpose of saving this army from wreckage must be of such quality and numbers as to put the question of their rescue beyond dispute. We may look for some interesting field manoeuvring for positions among the combatants in the Belgian area.

THE EASTERN THEATRE.

The picture of the deployment of the opposing armies in the Eastern theatre is assuming the sinuous formation that we have looked at for so long in the Western theatre. The paucity of railroads on the Russian side of the frontiers compared to the numerous strategic railways on the German side has permitted the opposing lines of the latter to be formed up upon Russian or Polish soil. Not on German soil if possible is the brunt of the fighting to take place. Rennen-kamph's victory on the Meinar, it is true, drove the Germans back to East Prussia, but little news of pursuit has trickled through in spite of his victory. Behind the masses of German armies now in West Poland we may be sure that positions are being prepared for similar delaying tactics that are now being carried on on the Aisne, and until the winter sets in and hardens the deep-sodden roads that are found in this area much forward movement of Russian arms cannot be anticipated. This delaying form of strategy in the centre will doubtless appeal to the Russian leader, who will look to the presence of Ruzsky's armies further south to effect the purpose of his strategy. With his flanks resting on positions won by two victorious armies the Russian chief may rest content to play a delaying action in his centre, careful always to see the line of the Vistula is not traversed by the German and careful to maintain the promise of his Czar that Warsaw shall not see German guns. The gigantic numbers brought into the field by Russia will thus permit of a fourth army operating on the plains of Hungary. With the passes of the Carpathians secured from attack from the north, and with leadership, the problem of turning the strong fortresses that guard the German soil on the Polish frontier may be solved. Needless to say, the death of King Carol of Rumania is a factor that may conduce to an earlier termination of the struggle in this Eastern theatre. Buda Pesth and Vienna are but stepping stones to Dresden, and thence to Berlin. Long as this route may appear to the strategic mind of the leader of the Russian armies, it is infinitely

shorter in time transit than across the sodden wastes that lead up to the rocks that confront him on emerging on to the fortress frontier of Prussia. Ere his armies reach those rock fortresses they will have to pierce successive lines of defence prepared with all the art which weeks of war have taught to both sides. Time and life will both be economised by avoiding the parallel line of strategic defence with which the Russian leader will be faced.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

GOWN AND KHAKI.

By DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

INTER arma silent many things, and not least *litteræ*. In war time literature is ousted by journalism, much addicted to words like "decimated", which is supposed to mean almost annihilated. When the beating of the wings of the angel of death is heard in the land Heliconian fountains run dry. When clarion and fife are sounding grass grows in academic quadrangles—at least, it did in the purlieus of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools 270 years ago. People have challenged the propriety of the Universities keeping their Michaelmas term—or, indeed, any term—while the war lasts. At present the intention is to go on as usual, though special graces and privilegia have been proposed for the benefit of undergraduates serving the King. But these will be a vast number—from a half to two-thirds of the juniors have already volunteered, and many resident graduates besides. I hear from the Registrar of one of the old Universities that the colleges met in October extraordinarily thinned and depleted. The new Universities will also find themselves *ἐρημοὶ ἀνδρῶν*. Marlbrook s'en va-t en guerre.

This is a fine phenomenon—if it is not too late. In the Roman Empire the principle of universal service as a patriotic duty fell into gradual desuetude; compulsion was discontinued; and even when the foot of the barbarian was actually on the soil of Italy Stilicho, rather than proclaim a general call to arms, had recourse to the desperate plan of enlisting slaves. Happily all classes in Great Britain and Ireland, from the *juventus aurata* to the lad at the plough-tail, are flocking in this hour of their country's need to the colours. But the profession of arms is not learnt in a week or a month. When the Haldane scheme was outlined of a six months' military training to begin after the declaration of war, it was sarcastically suggested that the last five months would be conducted by German officers. We have not come to that. But "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions" is a cry that may yet come from the heart of Britannia weeping for her children and not comforted, because they are not.

It is so far well, however, that the freshman is expected to be for some time a *rara avis* in college halls. *Cedant arma togæ*, no doubt, in the right time and place, but the gown must make way for sword and bandoleer when an empire stands with its back to the wall. In France even the cassock has to do so and fighting in the French ranks are 20,000 priests. Chaplains, except a few "aumôniers" who go out at their own charges, are not recognised. It is, after all, a less evil that lecture-hall and examination room should be half empty than that a population should wander spiritually for lack of meat, as sheep that have not a shepherd. Yet the Church of France has uttered in this hour no word of complaint.

How the gown was changed for the buff jacket at Oxford in the gallant cavalier days may be read at length in Anthony Wood's Diaries, as edited for the Oxford Historical Society by Dr. Andrew Clark. Also, of course, there is the inimitable description in "John Inglesant" of that extraordinarily blended Court and Academe, when college groves and walks and bowling-greens were thronged with warriors and philosophers and poets and grave divines, and among them laughing

ladies and maids of honour. Parliament sat from day to day in the Divinity School. The King, with Princes Rupert and Maurice, dined and supped in public, walked with his train in Christ Church meadow, or knelt, devout and stately, before the cathedral altar. Shorthouse says:—

"The colleges were full of men versed in all branches of learning and science. The halls and chapels were full of pictures and of rich plate, soon to be melted down. Church music and ceremonies were the subject of much care. Many of the Fellows' rooms were curious museums of antiquities and relics, and scarce books and manuscripts. Alchemy and astrology were openly practised. . . . Christmas interludes and Shakespeare's plays were enacted in Hall before a gay and splendid throng. The woods were vocal with song and music, and love and gallantry disported themselves along the pleasant river banks. Wit, learning and religion joined hand in hand, as in some grotesque and brilliant masque. The most admired poets and players and the most profound mathematicians became 'romancists' and monks, and finally, as the last scenes of this strange drama came on, fell fighting on some hardly contested slope, and were buried on the spot or in the next village churchyard, in the dress in which they played Philaster, or the Court garb in which they wooed their mistress, or the doctor's gown in which they preached before the King or read Greek in the schools."

For Oxford had put itself into a posture of defence, and Mr. Deputy Vice-Chancellor had been busy enrolling the scholars. Early in 1643 the House of Commons at Westminster had ordered that Fellows of colleges hindered by the war from repairing to their places should not be damnified by their absence, but it was not Royalists, of course, who were intended. It must not be thought that the University was wholly Laudian, and the citizens inclined in the main to the Parliament—St. Martin's and St. Mary's looked different ways. The Commons even ordered the arrest of the heads of the University for supplying the King with money. But Oxford, freer to move than Cambridge, was showing its teeth. Anthony Wood, with other schoolboys, played truant from New College cloister to gaze at the scholars and privileged men drilling in the quadrangle, under the eye of Dr. Pinke, the warden. The collegians had brought with them "the furniture of armes of every coll. that then had any", and Anthony's father, a student of Pembroke, had "armour or furniture for one man—viz., a helmet, a back and breastpiece, a pyke, and a musquet, and other appurtenances". It was, records Brian Twyne, a great disturbance to the youth of the city, many of whom were "so besotted with the training and activitie and gaytie of some yong scholars, as being in a longing condition to be one of the traine, that they could never be brought to their books againe".

On August 18, 1642, some 330 of these scholars "marched from the schooles, all alonge up the high street, to Christ Church College, where they were put into array". Two days later they formed battle array in "New-parkes" in two squadrons of musqueteers, one of pikes and one of halberds. "The schollers were promiscuously bothe Graduates and Under-graduates; a great many of them Masters of Art, yea devines also, and Dr. Read of Newe Coll., a Dr. of Lawe, served with a pike." Loads of stones were carried to the top of Magdalen tower to throw on the enemies' heads, and the bridge was blocked with timber balks; a court of guard was kept at Penniless Bench (Carfax), and life and drum sounded through every quadrangle. Recruits now came in rapidly—a "delightsome prospect to behold the forwardnesse of so many proper yonge gentlemen, so intent docile and pliable to their business". A hundred scholars—this is noticeable—were armed with bow and arrows. And all turned out—as at a later date under Ruskin—to dig with pick and spade.

However, when Sir John Biron, with his troopers and "diverse schollers volunteers" rode out at the

north-gate, a Parliamentary force rode in, one of whom "passing by St. Marie's Church discharged a brace of bulletts at the stone image of our lady over the Church porch, and at one shott strooke of her hed and the hed of her child; another discharged at the image of our Saviour, over All Soules gate". It was not till October 29 that King Charles arrived, after Edgehill fight. Hearing that there was to be a battle there, Wood's eldest brother, Thomas, aged eighteen, "left his gowne at the town's end, ran to Edghill, did his majestie good service, return'd on horse-back well accounted, and afterwards was made an officer in the King's army". Gallant lad. But soldiering—to watch, to ward, to tittle—demoralised many of these under-graduates. Or afterwards, in long exile and misery, they and their elders unlearned the habits of scholars and divines. But what a gracious picture we get of these student-cavaliers in Fell's Life of Dr. Richard Allestree—serving their King cheerfully, whatever their degree or quality, without pay or reward, in the most arduous marchings and fightings and wearisome garrison duty and mean quarters, "differing in nothing from the poor mercenary soldier besides their civility and justice to the country-folk, paying them at departure".

Europe is the poorer, during the last few weeks, by one ancient and famous University, the ashes of which smoke to heaven. But the University spirit still abides, and better in the soldier-student than in professorial chairs expounding Nietzschean doctrines of fist-right.

THE FINEST THING IN CHELSEA.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

WHETHER this be taken literally or in the proper spirit does not much matter. To give concrete form to a point I wished to make, I once pleaded that the Power House chimneys at the end of Cheyne Walk were the finest thing in Chelsea. My opponent in the argument protested with horror that things which had a hand in smutting her chintzes were not mentionable among the great creative efforts of architecture. Moreover she opined, as far as I remember, that nothing so low and modern and utilitarian as machinery ought to be talked about like that. Temples and castles were, of course, noble architecture; but was it not rather profane to mention commercial smoke-carrying chimneys in the same breath?

Since then I have often reconsidered that discussion. I have studied chimney stacks, railway bridges, furnace vents, and indeed most of the features of industrial architecture with new interest and in many parts. And while admitting that smuts are an intolerable nuisance, I come back to it that the finest examples of industrial building are grand and solemn works of art. One may go from Waterloo to Wimbledon, from Charing Cross to Gravesend, passing architectural effects as exalting and impressive, if you view them impersonally, as any monument of ancient art. That is to say that, judged as masses, daring structure, pure and noble lines, triumphant engineering, and—yes, as aspiring and romantic silhouettes, these towering shafts capped with gleaming smoke, endowed with an ethereal and delicate quality by sunlight, or by cloud shadow changed to an aspect of relentless power, are incomparably fine. I am not for the moment taking count of their associations; I am regarding them as we regard the fanes and fortresses of old, from the outside. And it can hardly be questioned that were an Egyptian or Roman master-builder, to whom our prejudices and subjective disparagements were unknown, suddenly to see our feats of industrial architecture he would find them wonderful and mysteriously expressive.

How it is I know not that when large purpose and accomplishment unite in single-minded endeavour beauty is born. The greater and more spiritual the purpose, the more enduring will be this beauty. But in any case if an inspiring need, however utilitarian, is answered perfectly, without pretension, the achievement will hold something of that enigmatic quality by us vaguely labelled beauty. The answering of a mere

need is not, of course, enough, else a toothbrush were what we mean by art. Nor can we say that success in coping with mechanical considerations inevitably results in this quality. But the necessity of surmounting large elemental conditions brings out artistic genius in the man who succeeds in meeting it.

Let anyone who can rid his mind of preconceived disparagement of the word machinery and see with sympathy approach the mighty stacks of the Chelsea power station either from Battersea Bridge or from Ashburnham Road. At dusk they loom against the sky true and stark, noble in their disdainful simplicity, crushing in the majesty of their silhouette. Were a master asked to design an abstract pattern symbolic of industrial power and soaring enterprise, symbolic also of the sternly overshadowing conditions of industrial life, his pattern could not surpass in significance that made upon the sky by the Chelsea power station.

From the impassive solemnity and august power expressed in the pure lines of the Chelsea stacks one can range the whole scale of industrial conditions. Under March skies, when to Londoners the sunlight seems a new-created miracle, and great fleets of cumulus shine over Erith and Dartford Marshes, half-dimmed by the London atmosphere, the factories, the colossal gas works, the tapering cranes, and low on the north horizon the scarlet steamer funnels unite to symbolise a restless, busy gaiety. Nowhere but near London, I suppose, can scenes of such magic, delicate beauty be unfolded. For nowhere else is there just our quality of silvery and opalescent atmosphere. In such spring days industrial architecture is anything but harsh and gloomy; there is a brilliant and exultant gladness in the spring truthness of the chimneys which rise like ivory or silvered pinnacles far off against the smoke-grey sky and near by tower incredibly into the sunny air, springing from enormous bases to rule perfect lines up into the void. The beauty of straight, slender forms has never been so realised as by the engineers who have added industrial building to the great periods of architecture. If Turner be reborn, yet keeping his superb draughtsmanship and almost uncanny divination of sun and atmosphere, he will interpret to the world the radiant beauty of industrial London. And in that heaven where, some say, the spirits of dead masters congregate many will lament they were denied his opportunity. To most of us the beauty of these perfect buildings is obscured by their names—paper mills, cement works, and the like. With our heads full of preconceived contempt for modern commercial things, we are blind to the æsthetic wonder of their balance, proportion, and significance.

Some day a master big enough to see and render something of such wonders will arise. But he who can express the dread and monstrous aspect of industrial architecture may never come. For it is in the winter dawn or leaden twilight (the former preferably, because at dawn all things assume a novel quality), when the snow is grey and the massive columns rise up and vanish into the dark and mysteriously hostile sky that flaming windows, furnace cones, and chimneys become symbolic of the terrible majesty of machine power. Travelling at dusk through the coalfields of South Wales, past Landore and Llanelli, or in the December dawn from Manchester to Leeds, gives one the disquieting sense of occult and titanic forces alien to the sun, sprung from primordial night. There is yet another quality in industrial conditions, the special property of our era—the atmospheric and colour value of smoke and steam. Some time ago a correspondent living in Sheffield wrote to me describing, what I have never seen, the amber light thrown by the open furnaces on liquid iron ore steam. He spoke of that golden vapour, rising off the molten pig-iron, as something passing the glory of our dreams. And yet for most of us the word pig-iron forbids perception.

If we slough off our vague conceptions of romance and wilful self-conscious "artisticness" and ask ourselves why is a mediæval castle, Harlech for example, or a mediæval bridge (I forget the name of that lovely bridge not far from Aberdeen), so satisfying to the eye, we find that its beauty lies in the proportions and the

shapes; and these were naturally worked out by builders who brought imagination to a task of simply and successfully answering a need. To build a mountain fortress as it were part of the native rock, to endure assault and stand for ever, that was the single-minded purpose of the castle-builders. They had no inkling that in the lapse of centuries posterity would create romantic atmosphere about this work: no self-conscious idea of making their masonry "picturesque". That sort of nonsense was left to castle builders of the nineteenth century. The master who bridged that ravine outside Aberdeen was only conscious of the need of thrust and spring and flood-resisting power. Economy of means no doubt engaged him too. It is we who, like conjurors that extract rabbits from your hat, first of all fabricate and then discover romantic and picturesque qualities in fine architecture. The builders of our power stations, railway bridges, furnaces, and foundries are in the first place concerned in triumphing over the enormous difficulties of thrust and altitude and balance. The best of them—engineers whose names will never be preserved—develop as they go a quality of enthusiasm; their response to the elemental conditions imposed on them naturally unfolds lines of pure strength towering up from bases of exactly calculated girth and support. Unconsciously their stacks and chimneys grow into perfect balance and proportion, for it is from them that they spring. And that is why, if only we can rid our minds of prejudice and really see these pure and soaring lines, these daringly triumphant structures will be revealed as emblematic of the divine resource and energy of man, as forms of profound æsthetic significance.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

THE charm of exquisite poetry depends on subtle harmonies of language which can be recognised, though they can hardly be analysed by the finest critical sense. It might baffle the nicest observer to explain why one special combination of words goes home to our feelings, when another, expressing the same thought, appears the merest commonplace. Who can lay his finger on the special felicity which makes Herrick's little song, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" a joy for ever, whilst hundreds of other poets have made precisely the same remarks about flowers and the shortness of life and yet have passed into utter oblivion? To say something that has been said thousands of times before, and yet to make the saying impressive, is a triumph of art with a secret for ever inexplicable, incommunicable. A curious example of the same power exerted in a different direction is to be found in Cowper's verses on the "Royal George". It has been said that people take them for poetry because they were written by Cowper—as if Cowper had not written other verses which are as extinct as some last year's prize poem! A critic has said there is nothing on the surface of the poetry except a newspaper paragraph done into rhyme. We are told in the plainest way possible that the ship went down because a land breeze caught the shrouds whilst she was laid upon her side; and that Admiral Kempenfelt was drowned with eight hundred, or "twice four hundred", men. Where does the poetry come in? To this question there is no answer; but anybody who can rhyme may discover by a very simple experiment that the poetry does come in—somewhere. Let him put into the simplest possible verses any newspaper paragraph that strikes his fancy—the loss of the "Birkenhead", for example: a more poetic incident—and see whether his lines will instantly seize the memory of all who read them. In other poems of Cowper's—the verses on Mrs. Unwin or on his mother—we can easily account for part of the impression by the depth of the pathos, though the question may still remain how the pathos is conveyed so powerfully. But the singular felicity by which, without any apparent aid, and with even some distinctly prosaic lines, the unadorned narrative becomes so unforgettable is in some sense a still more striking proof of Cowper's wonderful power.

If the harmony on which the effect of a poem depends is so subtle as to escape all powers of analysis, the inverse is, luckily, not so conspicuous. A single discord does not unmake our pleasure as the harmony makes it. After a little familiarity we become comparatively insensible to its existence, and even think it rather profane when anybody insists on pointing it out. Yet there it is: in many almost perfect poems is a little slip somewhere, a flaw of expression, a defect in the grammar, or possibly a want of logic, which slightly irritates us, and makes us wish that we could recall the poet from the dead to insert an amendment. To dwell upon such faults may be invidious; yet it is perhaps worth while to notice the fact, for it illustrates the advantages of exquisite finish which most writers care little about. When we know some fine passage by heart, we shrink instinctively from the coming jar, even as we draw back when we see that a carriage is about to jolt over a stone on an otherwise smooth road. The frequency of such little annoyances varies greatly in different poets; they are sometimes far more numerous in the first-rate than in very moderate performers. In Shakespeare, of course, one might point out any number of them; but Shakespeare has the advantage that we may attribute what we please to corruptions of his text; moreover, in a style so weighted with thought as his, and so full of abrupt transitions, it is scarcely possible to notice any trifling discord. It is swallowed up in the general harmony, drowned in the glorious torrent of thought. Amongst modern poets, Shelley is probably more fertile in such imperfections than any other—a fact which is no doubt owing in great part to the excessively careless printing of his poems, and partly to his being carried away in what he calls the "swift stream of song" until he forgets the humble ties of grammar and logic. Tennyson's singular refinement almost invariably preserved him from any decided blunder; he was much more apt to err on the side of excessive smoothness than to admit unnecessary discords. Browning's habit, on the contrary, of riding roughshod over all the minor difficulties of language led to many harsh phrases. We expect to be jolted in every line, and brace ourselves to wrestle with his vigorous thought till we become insensible to minor bruises.

Nothing would be easier, however, than to compile a long catalogue of these trifling annoyances without going beyond poetry of a really high order. Has there not been a quite heated discussion as to Byron using "lay" for "lie" in the address to the sea? The blot, however, cannot be expunged. Various parallel passages could be produced from Shelley and from authors of the seventeenth century. In fact, the error belongs to a class which poets have seldom the resolution to avoid. The search for rhymes is very fatal to a due regard for the niceties of correct English. When "sang" would come in conveniently, why should a poet be driven out of his path by the prosaic grammarian who insists that "sung" is the form sanctioned by ordinary practice? Shelley speaks of the tempest

"Riving sail and cord and plank
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'erbrimming deep";

and Milton, in the Christmas Hymn, brought in "sung" for "sang" to rhyme with "hung". Why should two words which seem to have been intended by nature to run in couples diverge in such a provoking fashion so as to miss by a hair's-breadth the desired harmony? Is it not fair to force them into the harness and to admit that a poet is above Lindley Murray or Dr. Peter Pangloss, LL.D. and A.S.S.? The case is so common that perhaps there is something like a precedent for the gentle violence done to such impertinent words. But the case is rather more annoying when the same unfortunate necessity causes a downright vulgarity. Keats has here and there an unlucky Cockney twang, which intrudes when he is singing the praises of classical gods and goddesses in the most delicious melody. But Wordsworth was not a

Cockney, and he might have found some means of getting round that unlucky rhyme in the great Ode—

"Oh! evil day if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning
And the children are pulling—"

Luckily a critic is not bound to suggest a conjectural emendation; but we would rather have had the rhyme left out altogether than be haunted by the suspicion that Wordsworth talked about "sulling" and "pullin'"—whichever alternative may be adopted.

There is another kind of minute slip, rather different in character from this, where the poet seems either to have forgotten his punctuation or to have attended less to the sound than to the writing. Milton, in fine verse, describes the appearance to the shepherds of

"The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim";

but it may occur to one that, if the verse were recited instead of read, there would be some risk of the seraphim being most inappropriately stigmatised as "sordid"!

Again, in Gray's "Elegy"—a poem which may be regarded as an almost unrivalled example of the power of perfect finish to elevate obvious reflection into true poetry—we cannot adjust a certain comma satisfactorily. Gray says of his peasants—

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learnt to stray".

This surely ought to mean that the sober wishes never strayed far from the ignoble strife—the opposite, of course, of what Gray intended! Another ludicrous inversion of ideas of a rather different kind occurs in Hood's poem, "One More Unfortunate". She has apparently drowned herself in the Thames, and Hood invites the dissolute man to think of the sad catastrophe by the riverside, and adds—

"Lave in it, drink of it
Then if you can".

It is doubtless very wrong, but one can never read the verse without remembering that the last use a dissolute man would make of the Thames would be to "lave in it" or "drink of it", even if nobody had ever been drowned in its waters. If that were the only privation due to his repentance, it would not be a severe one.

Another variety of blunder is simpler, and consists in simply leaving out some essential clause in a sentence. Shelley is not unfrequently guilty of an error which will vex schoolboys when English is a dead language; but the first example which occurs to us is in a charming little poem by Keats. It concludes—

"To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it—
Was never said in rhyme".

What was never said in rhyme? Of course we could suggest an answer, but we had rather that the poet had told us in plain language.

Leaving mere grammatical defects, one might notice the more serious vexation caused by the intrusion of downright fragments of prose into the midst of exquisite poetry. Wordsworth is perhaps the greatest offender in this sense, and the fault occurs not only in the longer poems, where he cannot be expected to maintain himself constantly at his usual elevation, but in the undigested fragments which intrude even into his lyrics—and which annoy one like the hard pellet of shot which one's teeth crunch in the midst of the tender breast of a partridge. In the poem on Peele Castle, after telling us how differently he should have conceived the future at an earlier period, he adds:

"Such is the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made".

The second of these lines strikes one as unnecessary, a mere repetition of what has been said before, and dragged in to eke out a stanza. Or one might turn to a very different poet, and remark what an uncomfortable effect is produced in Campbell's spirited verses on

Nelson and the North, when the bard suddenly becomes a lawyer, and inserts a clause in the agreement with the Danes to prevent all possible cavils—

"But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet".

As if the Danes would have taken them out if they had not been expressly prevented by the terms of the treaty!

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The letter we exhibit below is a capital specimen of its class. We have received since the start of the war more than one letter of the kind, and it is probable that similar letters are sown with considerable industry by "open-minded" people who are anxious to find excuses for the murders, thefts, lies and breaches of national faith and honour committed by Germany within the last ten or eleven weeks. The correspondent in this case carelessly or carefully overlooks the destruction of the University buildings and books at Louvain, whilst as to the Cathedral at Reims he tries to show (a) that it has not been "seriously" hurt, and (b) that the shelling of it was the fault of the French in using the spire as a point of observation—in support of which, it will be noticed, he produces the evidence of "the Paris Correspondent of the 'New Statesman'". The "point of observation" excuse has been exploited for all it is worth by the Germans themselves. It is too contemptible, too childish, to waste another word on. As to the grossly ignorant and Philistine contention that the Cathedral has not been "seriously" injured, the destruction of the glorious old glass of itself disposes of that excuse.

Then "Fairplay" conveniently from a pro-German point of view completely overlooks the official and absolutely authenticated reports of the Belgian Commission as to Louvain, Aerschot, and other places, in which it is proved to the hilt that the Germans extensively murdered and looted and burnt, and instead he produces some cock and bull stories about Chicago war correspondents. This may be all very well as the sort of evidence that will suit the large German population of Chicago; it will not go down in this country at all; nor will it go down with any decent Americans. Putting aside the German population of the United States, the Americans are, beyond the least question, with a whole heart and clear mind on the side of the Allies; they have been quite as greatly angered by the outrages at Louvain and at Reims as have the people of any neutral country in the world; and as to the spoiling of Reims Cathedral in particular, we have had from an American architect of great authority an exhaustive and conclusive report. We would advise the writer of the letter printed below, if he really desires to learn the truth about the many outrages of the Germans in Belgium and in France, to study the official documents on the subject; but we are bound to say that the whole substance and tone of his letter disposes us to think that his quest is not one for truth at all.—ED., "S.R."]

AN ATTEMPTED EXCUSE FOR THE CRIMES OF GERMANY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I do not see that any unfairness to Germany can benefit England in any way, therefore I beg your permission to point out that the American war correspondents at the front, who can have no possible object in understating the truth, have denied that atrocities have been committed by Germans, other than the atrocities which belong to all war, whether fought by Germans, British, or any other nation. The correspondents of the Associated Press of America, the "Chicago Tribune", the "Chicago Daily News", the "Philadelphia Ledger", and others, have made a public statement to the effect that they were at Louvain, Brussels, Landen, Nevelly, Beaumont, and many other places with the Germans, and that they pledge their professional word that there were no atrocities. Every case they heard of and investigated proved absolutely groundless, and investigated stories of refugees were utterly unsubstantiated. The Germans paid for all purchases, and respected property

rights. The Burgomaster of Solre-sur-Sambre voluntarily discounted reports of cruelty in the surrounding country. The American correspondents have also proved that the people of Louvain fired upon Germans from the windows, and thus provoked reprisals; and the Paris correspondent of the "New Statesman" has pointed out that the spire of Reims Cathedral was used for a military post of observation from which directions were given to the French artillery outside the town. This is not denied in Reims, and it led to the serious damage of the roof—the roof of the Cathedral is the only part seriously damaged.

The American "Evening Citizen", which is not in any way pro-German, has proved that dum-dum bullets are not used by Germany, but Spitz bullets (which are also used by Britain and America), and which often cause similar wounds. It has also been pointed out that the story of the little French boy shot by the Germans because he refused to say whether French soldiers were near, is groundless. The word "Französling", translated by the Press Bureau as little French lad, being only applied to the German subjects of Alsace and Lorraine, who have French sympathies and wear French colours, and are therefore by the rules of war traitors.

War is hell, and apt to turn men into demons; even the recognised rules of war are in themselves atrocious. War, as Lord Kitchener said, is not fought with rose water. As an example of the callousness bred by war, take the story told by the "Star", 11 January 1900, by a sergeant of the 62nd Battery at Modder River. "In one house we found six dead Boers round a table where they had been having tea. In the next room one of our infantrymen was playing the piano, and the rest were dancing round the room in great delight".

In war time especially it is best only to believe half of what we see, and nothing that we hear. As a proof of vivid imagination, take the case of the Russian soldiers who were supposed to have passed through England. Scores of people, from clergymen to railwaymen, have not only seen them but talked to them; and one lady showed a Russian flag which she said had been given to her by one of the Russian soldiers in the train passing through to the coast. After that anything!

"FAIRPLAY."

THE WAR AND ITS PHRASEOLOGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

32, Stanwick Mansions,
West Kensington.

SIR,—The war has led to a smattering of French and other names and phrases, which, in most cases, are either misspelt or incorrectly used. Thus redundant letters are added to *Reims*, *Gent*, *Coblentz*, *Brandenburg*, *Mecklenburg*, *Nürnberg*, *Prag*, *Pest*, *Bern*—and, of course, *Brussel*, *Lyon* and *Marseille*—while *Hannover*, *Württemberg*, *Strassburg* are unduly shortened. French spellings replace the vernacular in Flemish Belgium, such as *Bruges* for *Brugge* (Eng. *Brug*), *Meuse* for *Maas*, also *Leyden* for *Leiden*, *Hague* for *Haag* (the real French is *La Haye*), while *Basel* (Fr. *Bâle*) appears as *Basle*—excellent if anglicised and pronounced *baysle*—*Schelde* as *Scheldt* (like *veldt* for *veld*), *Liège* as *Liège*, and *Mâcon* as *Maçon*. Careless misprints like *Criel* for *Creil*, *Lalken* for *Laeken*, *encieinte* for *enceinte*, are legion. We find a *Uhlant* for an *Uhlán*, just as in the Boer war it was a *Uitlander*; how much better the plain English *Outlander*!

Surely, too, it is now time to naturalise the established nouns *detour*, *debris*, *depot*—especially as the ordinary spelling and pronunciation *depôt* are, as in *envelope*, neither English nor French—*regime*, *resume* (accent, as in *annex*, *combine*, *invite*, on the first syllable), also in *mass*, in *block*, on *route*, *cortège*, *impass*; while the idiotic *on the carpet*, it goes without saying, should be replaced by *on the table*, it needs no saying or it is self-evident. Let us also write *personal* and *material* as substantives, *burger* and *burgermaster*, *moral*, better still *mettle* or *fettle*, for the absurd *morale* (which in French has a totally different

meaning—viz., *ethics*), and *message* or *dispatch* for *communiqué*—which usually appears as *communiqué*!

The confusion is naturally worse confounded in words from farther east. If we write *Serb* why not *Serbia* (the correct spelling is *Srbija*)? *Belgrade* is properly *Beograd*, *Bucharest* *Bucuresci*. *Bosphorous* (sic), *Aegean*, *Piraeus* should be *Bosporus*, *Aegaeon*, *Piraeus*. And surely we might now be consistent in the orthography of Indian names, as *darbâr*, *sardâr*, *mahârâdjâ*, *bigam*, *sipâhi*, *kuli*, *Panjâb*, *Pundâ*, *Maisur*, *Lakhnau*, *Kânnpur*, except, perhaps, in words like *Bombay* (*Mumbai*), *Madras* (*Mâdrâj*), which are hopelessly anglicised. There is no excuse for *Llama* (Peruvian sheep) for Tibetan priest!

We constantly meet with hack phrases which are used in wearisome iteration, such as *in touch*, *turned turtle*, *steam roller*, *Tommies*—used also of Belgians, though it would be so interesting to know the native pet name—*into the sea*; and reference to the enemy as *he* and *his*, though the plural pronoun is employed in other such cases, as *government*, *army*, etc. *Infinitely*, *tremendously*, are used in the sense of *immensely* or *vastly*. The rather silly designation *private* might be replaced by *trooper*—seeing that we speak of *troops*—and *husar* spelt in this, the correct, form, especially as it better indicates the sound, both in quality and accent.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

E. A. PHIPSON.

CHRISTCHURCH LADY CHAPEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Christchurch, 29 September 1914.

SIR,—According to the resolution passed by the great majority of the Christchurch Vestry on 19 December last, a meeting must be held on 17 October next to consider the drastic scheme of "restoration" put forward by the Vicar and the then Churchwardens. We must hope that their patriotism and high sense of the great trust represented by their parish church will cause the people of Christchurch to reject the whole scheme. If they do so, I hope that the Charity Commission has power to relieve Christchurch of the *fons et origo mali*—the bequest which was accepted without consulting the wishes or asking the authority of the inhabitants of Christchurch, in whom, as is well known, the freehold of the church is vested. Early in the year you kindly printed a statement of the arguments against the scheme; but perhaps you will allow me to quote Mr. W. D. Caröe, who reported favourably on the scheme of "restoration". Writing to the "Times" of 17 June last on "The Protection of Churches", Mr. Caröe says: "It is acknowledged to-day that the mediæval glass painters were *facile principes* in their art, and that the best of modern work achieves but a faint echo of their remarkable accomplishment". Surely, then, a genuine mediæval work like the Lady Chapel will be better without the faint echo produced by even the best of modern work. The multitude of your readers, who must thoroughly agree with the fine article on Reims in your last issue, will be anxious until they know that Christchurch is saved from another deluge of restoration, which safety can only be secured by the removal of the danger—a large sum of money—which in well-known words may justly be described as "useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished". You write that *everybody who understands architecture knows that restoration is hypocrisy*. Then, in Heaven's name, let us be rid of it!

Yours, etc.,

HERBERT DRUITT.

RECRUITING IN WALES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

88, Bishop's Mansions, Fulham, S.W.,

7 October 1914.

SIR,—It is worth noting that Mr. W. T. Beavan, J.P., who is acting as one of the attestation officers at the Labour Exchange recruiting office, Cardiff, told a "Western Mail"

reporter last Wednesday that he did not know what the experience was in other recruiting stations in Wales, but in his own particular station he was really amazed at the small proportion of Nonconformists who had joined the colours. He had carefully gone through about 750 attestation papers at his office, and scarcely one per cent. of the whole of the enlisted men had declared their religious persuasion to be Nonconformist. The bulk of the men attested were Church of England adherents or Roman Catholics. As a Nonconformist, he felt very strongly that Nonconformist people had not come forward to enlist as they should, and it was about time that the attention of the various churches was directed to this unfortunate apathy. This openly expressed opinion by Mr. Beavan has caused quite a flutter in the Nonconformist dovetails. Great indignation has been aroused at the suggestion that Nonconformists are lacking in patriotic loyalty. But this is to miss the point. No one questions the loyalty of Nonconformists. The point is that Wales has been constantly asserted to be a nation of Nonconformists. This was the main argument for passing the Welsh Church Bill. Yet, when this Nonconformist nation is called to arms, only one per cent. of the recruits cares to profess his adhesion to Nonconformity.

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST J. A. FITZROY.

THE POSITION OF MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27, Green Park, Bath,

4 October 1914.

SIR,—No, it is not a right thing that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should be allowed to draw £400 a year from the British taxpayer. On the contrary, he should be made to pay heavy damages for a mean and mischievous libel on Sir Edward Grey.

I hold that all such persons are just as much our enemy as a German spy and should be removed as quickly as possible.

Yours faithfully,

PALMER DOWNING.

THE MUSIC OF OUR SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Norwich,

28 September 1914.

SIR,—“What our men do is largely the concern of their officers”, says Mr. Runciman; but do we realise that the music of the army is of two widely different varieties: that which is provided for the messroom in peace, and that which is, or should be, meant for serious business on active service?

The first is too frequently an excellent rendering of trans-Atlantic tomfoolery, but Mr. Runciman, of all people, might put in a word for the use on the march of our own incomparable folk-tunes, if only because they are for the most part “pipe and tabor”, drum and fife tunes. The vigorous rhythm of “Newcastle”, “Grimstock”, “Rufty Tufty”, and dozens of other morris, country, and sword tunes make superb marches; for the “double” there are “Rigs of Marlow” and others; and should the band fall out the man who could sing, or even whistle, “Mowing the Barley”, “The Sprig of Thyme”, “Dicky of Taunton”, or, when we get there, “High Germany”, would be worth all Kneller Hall to his regiment. For, *pace* Mr. Ernest Newman, there is such a thing as nationality in music, and when we “clean up” after the war I suggest that the commanders of the best marching regiments collaborate with Dr. Vaughan Williams and Mr. Percy Grainger to see that our men get the best in the world—their own.

I am, yours, etc.,

ARTHUR BATCHELOR.

THE ENEMY'S RESERVISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oaklea Warren, Newick, Sussex.

SIR,—It is with dismay one learns that our Admiralty has given orders to the captains of our ships not to seize the enemy's reservists found on neutral ships, but to allow them to proceed unmolested. What are the authorities thinking about? Does the nation realise this awful danger? Why, we are actually aiding and abetting the enemy by allowing his army to be augmented from overseas, when we have the control and could prevent any reservists from reaching their country. If a sack of flour or a bar of iron be considered contraband, should not a man whose whole object is to draw the blood of our noble sons?

Can it be necessary to state such simple facts? Yet since the Admiralty has seen fit to make this monstrous decision, let the whole nation rise in protest against it. Do not let us stoop to legal niceties when the plain facts speak for themselves, but let every Englishman protest before it is too late.

Yours faithfully,

D. STEPHENS.

A SOLDIER'S COMPLAINT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Junior Conservative Club,

26 September 1914.

SIR,—As yours is one of the few independent journals in London, I venture to send you a few words on an important subject.

I have joined a regiment for foreign service only. I was told to buy my uniform with a view to getting into camp quickly. Among other things I was charged 10s. 6d. for a pair of steel spurs not worth 2s., which are perpetually covered with rust. I have sacrificed my whole income to join. I asked my bank to sanction a small overdraft. This was curtly refused. One of my insurance companies informed me that I should have to pay such a ruinous war premium that it would be necessary for me to take the surrender value. This order was rescinded, possibly owing to general remonstrance.

It seems to me that the agitation for the benefit of our tradesmen would be better directed towards an agitation for improving the lot of our sailors and soldiers, many of whom, besides risking their lives, have sacrificed all they possess and receive not the slightest privilege for their sacrifices.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

H.

WHAT TO EAT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Worcester,

29 September 1914.

SIR,—A few years ago I met in consultation a medical friend in a neighbouring town over a case in which, therapeutically, the patient's diet held first place. My friend opened fire by saying: "Do you know, doctor, I've divided the entire *genre humain*, as regards eating and drinking, into three classes, so that both you and I must belong to one or other of them". Said I: "Oh! have you? This sounds very interesting; tell us what they are." "Well, the first class *eats* too much." "Oh! I don't think I belong to that division." "Eh, bien, the second class *drinks* too much." "Ah, well, I'm sure I don't belong to that class." "Very good, sir, the third class does *both*!" Perforce I had to submit to being put in class number one; and hereupon our consultation took a normal and more ordinary course.

Your obedient servant,

T. BATES

(Consulting Surgeon to the Worcester General Infirmary).

REVIEWS.

THE RUSSIAN MACBETH.

"Crime and Punishment." By Fyodor Dostoevsky.
Translated by Constance Garnett. Heinemann.
3s. 6d. net.

"CRIME and Punishment" is the greatest of Dostoevsky's novels, and those who have not read it can have only an incomplete idea of the author's genius. A great critic of Russian literature, whose affection for Turgenev never allowed him to do more than strict justice to a rival's work, once declared that this book was the most perfect study in criminal psychology since Shakespeare wrote "Macbeth". The story is quite simple. A certain student named Raskolnikov is living in miserable poverty. His head is as full of ambitions as his pockets are empty of roubles, and he is constantly chafed by the thought of an old hag who keeps a pawnshop where he has now and then raised a little money. The horrible idea of murder for the sake of coin comes to him, but at first he resists it. His whole nature revolts against any act of cruelty, but a number of small circumstances combine to make it seem that the crime is inevitable. In a tavern he hears a discussion of which the gist is that in a world where young lives are often wasted for lack of help those who abuse their riches should be destroyed. A letter suddenly tells him that his sister is hastening into a miserable marriage simply on account of his family's penury. Another chance conversation reveals how easily the old woman's death could be compassed.

This part of the book is powerful beyond praise. In reading Dostoevsky's other novels we often have the feeling that he wrote at times for the sake of covering paper, and it is actually known that he took an absurd pride in telling his friends that the volumes containing his longest story weighed five pounds. Here, however, every line tells. [At first it seems ridiculous that this tender-hearted young man should even contemplate a deed of blood. He has strange and ugly dreams, and we put the thing down to the disordered fancies of sickness, but the pages which follow read like decrees of Fate. When Raskolnikov finds the axe at the porter's lodge and walks for the last time to the pawnbroker's shop, in spite of all the deliberate plans he has laid, we feel that he is no longer a free agent. The book has been described as immoral. Certainly there is not a word in it to suggest that we should turn with loathing from the murderer. Nothing but pity is excited for him, yet it soon becomes plain that the novel was written to serve a double purpose. As soon as Raskolnikov realises what he has done, all those thoughts which had seemed to justify the deed in advance cease to exist. He does not make use of a single kopeck he has stolen from her. Hitherto he has been in his thoughts a superman, ready to plead necessity as a cogent reason for all his acts. He has told himself that a Napoleon would never have hesitated over removing such an obstacle as the life and death of a horrible old woman. [Dostoevsky is going to show not only the supreme virtue of compassion, but also that the only hope of human happiness lies not in the will to power, but in the complete subjection and humiliation of self.

After the murder has been committed Raskolnikov occupies himself for a long time in dodging the police. He is, moreover, very indignant because his conscience troubles him, and he is angry that his crime has brought him no reward. The psychological study here is equally acute, but it is difficult to help feeling that some of it involves too much torment for ourselves. The conversations with Porfiry, the police magistrate, seem designed to keep one on the rack, yet they give a wonderful revelation of the murderer's state of mind. Raskolnikov scrapes acquaintance with this man of law in order to enjoy the delights of danger, and he is drawn by him as a mouse is drawn by a serpent. The talk seems for ever to be leading to a point at which the criminal must fall into a confession, but still the

frantic play of words continues. It is not at all Dostoevsky's object to allow his man to pay the price of crime until he can do so with deliberate intention like that with which he planned the murder. Raskolnikov must receive public punishment, but he is to be brought to a state at which he will actually ask for it. Salvation cannot come to him until his pride has been broken.

Sonia, the woman who is to be the agent of his redemption, is as humble as she is heroic. The pitiful sketch of her history is given in the beginning of the book by her father, Marmeladov, a shameless, drink-sodden wretch, so an interest in her is created long before she appears. In "Crime and Punishment" the author for once seems to have taken complete control of his subject. The architecture of the story is marvelously efficient. Even here there are a good many pages over which a reader would willingly pass lightly, but no sort of inattentive reading will suffice. A small fact or a line of dialogue may suddenly be recalled after a dozen chapters as a matter of the deepest importance. We are kept a long while waiting before Sonia is known as anything but the hapless daughter of Marmeladov and a type of those who for the sake of others take up a cross of shame. Yet she is destined to exercise supreme influence over Raskolnikov. In ordinary circumstances he would have been sorry for her and avoided her, but in the state of mind which his crime has produced he can share with her a love which can only be likened to that of two lost souls. There is no trace of human passion in the whole thing. Dostoevsky did not understand what is ordinarily meant by love. All his books show that he knew only of mystic devotion or the opposite extreme of brutish lust. Sonia and her lover are simply united by compassion—by their suffering together.

It is at the end of the novel that the author reveals most clearly his nationality. Penitence to most people in our modern world is either a mental process or an affair between man and God, but in Russia it is still commonly held that a crime is only deleted from the book of life when it has been punished by the established civil authority. Strangely enough, this is not a doctrine confined to the supporters of autocracy. It is preached also by those who regard the sword of the law as the weapon of Anti-Christ. Much that is most purely Russian in Dostoevsky cannot be understood by Western reason, yet it certainly seems inevitable here that Sonia should induce Raskolnikov to confess his crime openly, and that in the penal settlements of Siberia, whither she follows him, he should find again peace of mind and hope for a new life. He has sinned and suffered every kind of mental torture through his pride. Only in meekness is he to discover the treasures of the world.

Dostoevsky's methods and ideas must alike meet a good deal of repugnance in countries like France and England, where we believe in such things as taste and the virtue of human activity. His realism knows no bounds. Such a novel as "The Idiot" shows that he not only tolerated but could actually praise a merely supine life. Emphatically he belonged to Russia in Asia, yet we believe that some parts of his gospel might be accepted with advantage in Europe. His message is at least a corrective to the preaching of Nietzsche and many of the modern German prophets. Apart from all this, Dostoevsky is, moreover, almost the only writer of the last century whom sane critics can mention in the same breath with Shakespeare. "Crime and Punishment" is not unworthy of comparison with "Macbeth" and in "The Possessed" the character of Stavrogin can stand on a level with Hamlet. There are passages in this Russian's work, such as those recording the first interview between Raskolnikov and Marmeladov, when the latter confesses his own infamy and his daughter's shame, which are as great as anything written by mortal man. When we remember his sickness, his pains, his imprisonment, we may even begin to understand that other part of his work which is so huge and terrific a

monument to ill-regulated genius. It is not too much to claim that in his own day he was in himself an epitome of all the Russias.

BLUE WATER.

"The Book of the Blue Sea." By H. Newbolt. Longmans. 5s. net.

MR. NEWBOLT'S five tales of the sea are true. That is part of the secret of their charm. Here is a book, brimming with blue water, crowded with canvas bellying snow-white under the wind, which, keeping to the strict chronicle of history, yet conveys just that sense of the cheerful heroic, of sea-air and homeliness in the midst of desolation, of pungent fighting in the fumes of powder, of the ring and crash of boarding with cutlass and pistol, which we get in the tales of Marryat. But Mr. Newbolt's tales are not chastened with reflections that after all they are no more than tales. They are sober matter of record. Here are five out of five thousand lives of young English sailors in the period of oak ships—when the Royal Navy was in an almost perpetual state of war.

The appeal of gallant truth is strong in itself. It is even stronger when it takes truth's invariable way of improving upon fiction. The hero of the first of these chronicles would not be believed in the book of a mere writer of tales. Charles, the first of Mr. Newbolt's boys, is incredible, but he is true. His letters home, as fiction, would be received as the too successful efforts of his author. There is something splendid, and a little sad, in the typical career of the midshipmite of Nelson's day. He went to sea as a First Class Volunteer at the age of ten, eleven or twelve. Frequently he had commanded a prize, or gone into action within a month or so of his embarking. At fourteen he could write as though he had the responsibility of the British Empire on his shoulders; even though, between the lines he remembers to ask after the white rabbit or the favourite pony. They are at the same time so old and so young—these wonderful English boys. Charles, at twelve years, writes to his mother: "I am able to stand a Sailor's life and I hope to conduct myself as an Officer of the British Navy, do not fret about me for if you cared no more for the french than I, you would care very little about them". At thirteen, Charles just missed Trafalgar. "Your Son", he tells his mother, "Your dearest Son has Things to regret more than any person ever had on shore, that is, you cannot see Your Son come home honoured with Old England's Scars".

And here are some further reflections on the death of Nelson: "A Brave Commander and Generous heart like every true Briton but alas he is gone to a better World. But Britons still be joyful cease to weep do not give way to unmanly pleasures, I do not mean to say Care not for his Death, but regret it in a manly manner our King and Country calls us away from those pleasures. But I hope that he has left behind him an Impression on the heart of every Briton to follow his glorious Actions". We doubt if the sentiments and wisdom of Charles, at twelve years of age, could be greatly improved. Nothing here is wrong, except the punctuation. Perhaps it may be thought that Charles seems too solemn for his years; so, to assure the reader that he is pure boy at the heart, we quote a letter to his mother, which, if it opens a little seriously, soon drops to a lighter vein: "Blessed are they", he writes a few months later, "that are blessed with such Parents as me, You tell me that my letters are an honour to me; I should be sorry if that was all the honour that I am to possess. I shall never be happy until I have done something good and handsome for My Parents and my Dear Brothers and Sisters. I received a letter from my Father to-day which pleased me much he talked to me about the Grey Poney worshipping me if Sailors fall it is their own faults when the Ship Rolls She knocks you about as much as a Horse. I would give the Poney leave to heave me

over either the Starboard or Larboard side Sailors can hold on, and if they do not they are fools. You know what Dogs we are when on Board or on Shore we can Ride Jackasses at Malta, and why not Horses in England?"

We will read just one more passage from the letters of Charles. Charles, at thirteen, in the bright "Medusa", became a prize-master. The "Medusa" snapped up three prizes in succession. The two first went to the senior midshipmen: the third was given to Charles. "There's your ship, sir", said the Captain, "and good luck with her". Charles got home with his brig through a mighty storm, and duly sent his father an account of the achievement. "I am happy to inform you", he writes from Rio de la Plata, "that I have been prize-master in this River and I assure you I had very hard gales of wind while on board of the Brig so much so that the officers on board the "Medusa" hardly ever expected to see me alive again thinking that she would sink, and we have had two Skirmishes with the Spaniards. We have had a great deal of Blowing Weather whilst in this River but Jack puts up with all the hardships of life Blow high or Blow low we are always cheerful and merry and ready to Chastise the Enemys of our Country, should our injured Country Bleed we still defend it in the 'Flashy Medusa', while her ribs stick together, we do not mind a few Iron Dumplings—called Doe Boys by us and more commonly Duff for Breakfast". Charles at sea has already learned to jest at roundshot much as our soldiers to-day jest at the "coalboxes" and "Jack Johnsons" of the German artillery.

If, in this book, we have a special regard for Charles it is purely on account of his letters. Basil, his neighbour, is every whit as good a seaman; while David Farragut and John Franklin are boys more famous in history. Farragut also enjoys the distinction of being the youngest "mid.". He decided to become a sailor at seven; and he joined his wooden frigate at nine and a half, living to command in a modern battleship. We would give a good deal if we might approach this dedicated sailor as familiarly as Charles. But Charles is our touchstone all through the book; and we can read him into the careers of the more celebrated men whom Mr. Newbolt is unable so vividly to recover. Certainly Mr. Newbolt has succeeded upon many pages of his book in the object with which he started. He has revived for us the joy, courage, and devotion of these English boys. Trafalgar is the natural epilogue to such a book; and Mr. Newbolt appropriately decides to tell again the story of that great battle in general outline and in detail. Surely, however, it was a mistake to present an action on so large a scale without maps and diagrams. It is not easy for a trained reader of naval strategy to follow quite clearly the action as described by Mr. Newbolt. Two or three simple diagrams would have set this right; for Mr. Newbolt writes in a most careful and exact way of the principal manœuvres. His exposition of the "Nelson touch" will be quite easily understood by the young readers to whom the book is addressed; but the fog quickly descends upon the engaged fleets after the French line has been broken.

All through this little book we delight in the avoidance of fine writing. Mr. Newbolt tells a simple story, and allows it to work upon the imagination of his boys. Fine writing, urgent with epithet, clamouring to command the reader and jog his pedestrian fancy, is never so far out of place as in a book for young people. Mr. Newbolt has compiled a book of deeds at which every energetic young imagination will spring.

THE CHARM OF WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

REVIEWED BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.

"The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley." Edited by Nehemiah Curnock. Kelley. 5 Vols. £3 3s.

THESE are very few men who dare to make a fearless revelation of their own lives even to themselves. There are still fewer men whose self-revelation

would interest the world a century and a half after their death. John Wesley was such a man, and his Journal discloses an interesting personality. John Wesley was a consistent diarist. As early as the spring of 1725, some months before his ordination, he commenced, and he ended writing with his life. At first he wrote solely for himself, but his personal diary seems to have developed into something like a Journal of the Proceedings of his Society. Indeed, one prominent, but not very wise, preacher was piqued that his own name had never appeared in the Journal. Wesley rectified the mistake by recording that on a certain day the gentleman in question had slept under a haystack. There is something reminiscent of St. Francis of Assisi's humorous methods of inculcating humility among his mates in this simple notice. Although all his diaries are accessible, and in this edition extend through five solid volumes, they have not all been published. This will be remedied, so the publishers announce, in one concluding volume. But the fact is these diaries are hard to edit. Like Mr. Pepys, John Wesley wrote, at first, in cypher with a single motive of concealing his secret thoughts from inquisitive eyes. Later on he abandoned concealment, but retained a curious system of signs and abbreviations which were plain enough to the writer, but which are enigmatic to the uninstructed reader. If he had adopted one system the Editor's task would have been simple; but even in his shorthand John Wesley was no martyr to the bugbear of consistency.

To Wesleyan Methodists this Journal must seem sacred. It is nothing more or less than the Acts of their Apostles, and it is a record of which they may be justly proud. The growth of their society, the principles to which they gave witness, the sufferings of the early members, and the power that they exercised over the men and women of the eighteenth century are all set forth in the order in which they occurred. To the ordinary reader the record is no less interesting both as regards the early history of Methodism and the person of the central figure in that history. It is probably quite true that John Wesley was not the originator of Oxford Methodism nor the founder of the "Holy Club". The latter organisation appears to have been a guild of earnest young Churchmen, all convinced sacramentalists, and rigid in their obedience to the rubrics of the Prayer Book so far as these rubrics affected their own lives. Indeed, the records show that John Wesley, who was a prominent member of the club, possessed in no small degree the English power of adaptation. He was quick to assimilate outside influences, and to follow a friend's initiative without always realising the fact that principles have a distressing habit of working out in ways not intended nor foreseen by opportunists. As an example of this, John Wesley remained in his own opinion loyal to Church of England doctrines and organisation to the day of his death. He urged his followers against disruption, and it is not too much to say that he left a legacy of affection to his followers which has not been dispersed, and which may easily be a great factor in the work of Christian reunion. Indeed, it is the proud boast of Wesleyan Methodists to-day that they stand half-way between the Anglicans and the Protestant Nonconformist churches. The Anglicans claim that they also occupy a valuable strategic position between the serried ranks of Protestantism and older forms of Catholicism.

It is interesting to note in the diaries how much of the opposition to the Methodist revival was political. In the early Georgian era the Church of England was popularly regarded as a firm buttress of Hanoverian succession. Roman Catholics, on the other hand, were popularly identified with the Stuart Rebellions, which were simmering long after the defeat of the Pretender in 1745. Thus we find that in 1744, on the eve of the second rebellion, when public feeling was sensitive and suspicious, John Wesley was moved to present to the "King's most Excellent Majesty the humble address of the societies in England and Wales, in derision called Methodists", in protest against the twofold charge of being "continually represented as

a peculiar sect of men separating themselves from the Established Church, and traduced as inclined to Popery and consequently disaffected". So also the diary records an advertisement inserted in the public papers, contradicting stoutly a paragraph in the "London Evening Post" of Saturday, 18 February, 1744, to the effect that there had been an "insurrection of the people called Methodists" in Staffordshire. *En passant* it is interesting to note that the Berlin News Bureau has quoted recently the "London Evening Post" as an authority for a recent war canard, although the place of that paper can nowhere be found in London to-day. In July of the same year John Wesley, preaching in Cornwall, was in danger of arrest preceded by bodily violence. From this he was happily saved by one John Collins, the clergyman of Redruth. In recording the incident the diary reads: "When he rode away one of the gentlemen said, 'Sir, I would speak with you a little; let us ride to the gate'. We did so, and he said, 'Sir, I will tell you the ground of this. All the gentlemen of these parts say that you have been a long time in France and Spain, and are now sent hither by the Pretender; and that these societies are to join him'".

As a very human document the "Journal" is almost beyond praise. It is simply crowded with interesting information of the way in which folks lived in the three Kingdoms and in the American Colonies a century and a half ago. It presents another point of view as to University life than the one popular with romantic novelists by whom Oxford is regarded as a nursery for young bloods, engaged in wines, in street rows, or in rescuing young women of questionable antecedents from their bullies masquerading as highwaymen. The college tutor of fiction is an unlovely spectacle. The Oxford class-registers, transcribed into this "Journal", bear silent testimony to the manner in which one young Fellow of Lincoln discharged his trust as a college tutor. In neatness and orderliness the tutorial record, being a part of his religion, ranks with personal experience and friendship. Wesley was an omnivorous reader at Oxford. He details not only his impression of books, but the effect they had upon him. Few reputations would survive the preservation of diaries containing in brief sentences their writer's innermost thoughts! The brief notes, found at Lambeth in Laud's handwriting, of his own rigid self-examination—notes which nowadays make men more ready to acknowledge the saintliness of his life—were at the time of his impeachment deadly instruments used against the archbishop's life and reputation. The reader of Wesley's "Journal" also returns from behind the scenes with a strong sentiment in favour of the man who so frankly unveils himself.

The sentiment of respect does not imply approval of all that was done or said by John Wesley. He does not show himself in any flattering light in the closing scenes of an incident at once romantic and tragic, which occurred during his ministry in Savannah. The story of his journey down the river in an open boat in charge of "Miss Sophy" is told with exquisite simplicity and unintentional pathos. Poor Miss Sophy! Her relatives intended the young minister to fall in love with his charge. He was in love, and she was in love with him; but, alas! his tender conscience and her maidenly pride led to another marriage for the girl. Human documents cannot end like novels at any given point, and love may become distorted into something like hate. John Wesley, who could behave like a Galahad on the river, as a parish priest could be almost vindictive. Mistress Sophia Williamson was repelled from the Lord's Table upon a trivial charge, and her husband made the repulsion a *cause célèbre* in the High Court of Georgia. Apart from any missionary interest it contains, the journal of colonial life in Georgia is crowded with interest. Some of the colonial ladies, it must be acknowledged, are distinctly fearsome, but they are convincing characters; while the Governor of the colony, poor man, must have been a charming personality.

It is due to John Wesley's lucid sincerity, and to his simple, direct style of writing, that his "Journal" is a

veritable gallery of portraits. But the portraits are not ready made nor completed. John Wesley rarely gives more than details here and there, but from those details it is possible to fit the fragments into a whole. Take, for instance, Susannah Wesley, his mother, who was a veritable mother for heroes. If she had known the Japanese proverb, "Bears tumble their whelps down the hillside", she would probably have approved it to the letter. Her theories of education were distinctly heroic. They are reproduced in full in the diary, and it is difficult to resist the temptation of quoting all her rules. At Epworth Rectory education commenced shortly after birth. The children "when turned a year old (and some before) were taught to fear the rod and to cry softly, by which means they escaped the abundance of correction they might otherwise have had, and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house". When each child attained the age of five years it was taught to read. Mrs. Wesley and the wretched infant abode in the schoolroom alone together until the task was completed. "One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters; and each of them did in that time know all its letters great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a-half before they knew them perfectly". Samuel learned in a few hours, and at once began on the first chapter of Genesis. Even these Spartan methods seem better than the dreadful emotionalism among school children, described in the diaries as being of constant occurrence. None the less, one cannot avoid feeling sad at the thought of the forlorn infants learning to cry softly and mastering each in one day the mysteries, not of Aleph but of the whole Alphabet. Yet will Dr. Montessori and other modern educationists succeed in training men of such tremendous energy and overwhelming sense of duty as the men who passed under the hand of Susannah Wesley?

A contrast between John Wesley and another great diarist, Mr. Samuel Pepys, would be interesting and instructive. Mr. Pepys on the whole was a good church-goer, although he sought the House of God for some reasons which John Wesley would have roundly condemned. He was a man of affairs, a courtier, and the rest of it. His self-realisation will always appeal to a wider circle. But in directness of thought, in simplicity of language, in power of description and of self-portraiture Mr. Wesley and Mr. Pepys are wonderfully alike.

A TRASHY BOOK.

"The Greater Law." By Victoria Cross. John Long. 6s

TO deal with this book upon its merits as a novel of the day would be out of reason. It is not literature. It is not even reputable journalism. But it is an immensely popular commodity; and its appearance in thousands upon the market is not to be overlooked. The author is famous in this particular line of scribbled ware, and her performances are admirably typical. As a type this book must be considered.

Clearly there is a large public which likes to open a book full of lips and bosoms, embraces that hurt, beautiful dark faces of ardent males and marvellous deep eyes of women. Also they like these things to be larded with contemptuous references to people who "trot along the worn little path of strict conventionality like a flock of herded sheep". This sort of book is received as very lawless and dashing by a large class of readers, who thereby contrive to enjoy the sensations of being wicked without any of the bother. The vicarious profligacy of respectable people who buy this sort of fiction is not a little touching. Miss Victoria Cross, we suppose, really does bring a dash of colour into the grey lives of our poorer suburbs with her tales of "desire" in first-class hotels. She gives local habitation and a name to the naughty daydreams of the shabby and underfed, who for a brief hour like to be rapt into a world where heroes are well-dressed and

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Nothing in these books is real—not the virtue; not the wickedness; not even the "desire". It is the easy, fluid perfunctoriness of the whole thing, its vulgarity of idea, its utter lack of style, dignity, reality, and sense of real value, that makes a book like this a power for mischief. Its formula is mechanical. Put a man and woman intimately together in a well-furnished bedroom after an expensive dinner, or suffer them to float on Lake Como (spending £50 a week) in the height of the season. Then write: "Mind and body together in her were like some splendid musical instrument, ready to vibrate in glorious melody the moment the hand of its owner called it forth". Follow this a little later with some sympathy for the victims of conventional morality: "Suffering and agonised, like poor helpless slaves driven chained to the market-place, they go to the altar." Then we have this type of book and its permutations complete. It is only natural that the work of authors who allow themselves this nerveless facility of phrase is unredeemed by sense or imagination. While these books sell in thousands true passion in literature must lay aside its trumpet and call no more. A Public whose ears are satisfied with the ring of a book like this will not recognise the voice of nature.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

John and Sarah, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough (Stuart Reid). 16s. Murray.

HISTORY.

Studies and Notes Supplementary to Stubbs' Constitutional History. Manchester University.

Historical Record of the Imperial Visit to India, 1911. 10s. 6d. net. Murray.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SCIENCE.

The Romance of the Beaver (A. Radclyffe Dugmore). 6s. net. Heinemann.

Discoveries and Inventions of the Twentieth Century (Cressy). 7s. 6d. Routledge.

Wireless Telegraphy (Rolfe Martin). 5s. Black.

TRAVEL.

France (Gordon Home); Austria-Hungary (G. E. Mitton). 10s. net each. Black.

Highways and Byways in Lincolnshire (W. F. Rawnley). 5s. net. Macmillan.

Antarctic Adventure (Raymond E. Priestley). 15s. net. Unwin.

On the Congo Frontier (Major Jack, R.E.). 10s. 6d. Unwin.

An Australasian Wander-Year (H. M. Vaughan). 10s. 6d. net. Seeker.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Debrett's Heraldry. 6s. net. Dean.

Forty Years on the Stage. (J. H. Barnes). 10s. 6d. net. Chapman.

Newspaper Writing and Editing (W. G. Bleyer). 6s. Constable.

Coasting Bohemia (J. Comyns Carr). 10s. 6d. net. Macmillan.

Pages from an Unwritten Diary (Sir Charles V. Stanford). 12s. 6d. net. Arnold.

Recollections of an Irish Judge (M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C.). 16s. net. Hurst and Blackett.

Some Old Scots Judges (W. Forbes Gray). 10s. 6d. net. Constable.

(Many books received are not included in this list).

DICK KERR.

MR. CLAUD T. CAYLEY, presiding at the General Meeting of Dick Kerr and Co., Ltd., held on Thursday, said the profits had increased from about £3,000 two years ago to £30,000 reported last year, and now nearly £45,000 was shown. The accounts now presented indicated the position as at 30th June, and no provision had been made therein for whatever effects the war might have on the assets. During the year less expenditure than usual had been incurred in extensions to plant. They started the present financial year with a considerable amount of orders in hand. The accounts no longer showed "loan from bankers," the directors having obtained the necessary financial accommodation in another way. As to the immediate future and the permanent effects to be anticipated as the result of the war, he emphasised the ramifications of the company's business. At one time they were primarily a contracting firm, and it was only some fifteen years ago that it was found necessary to become manufacturers of electrical apparatus so as to enable them to carry out advantageously large contracts for tramway construction. As the importance of the contracting department declined with the diminution of the demand for new tramway construction the manufacturing department increased in importance. Owing to the policy adopted some years ago of extending the contracting department in other directions they had now two distinct sections, approximately equal in importance, which in future could be expected to materially assist each other. These two sections represented their main business, but there was a third department—namely, the general supply or merchant business. This department was chiefly concerned with the supply to customers of general engineering machinery and electrical supplies. Thus their ramifications were such that, while undoubtedly some departments would be detrimentally affected by the war, others might be expected to derive certain advantages. It was to be assumed that for some time to come the construction of public works both here and in foreign countries would be deferred, but as far as their contracting department was concerned, the Metropolitan Water Board contract should fill the breach to some extent. Taking all the indications into consideration, the directors were of opinion that they would have to tide over a lean year or two before they could hope to see an increased demand for the heavy class of machinery in which the company specialised. In the merchant business they looked for, and were already experiencing, an increased turnover. Certain classes of apparatus in which they had specialised were of the nature required for camp and transport equipment. As to the electrical supplies department, he instanced the steady growing demand for their metallic filament lamps, the sale of which had been greatly retarded in the past due to keen Continental competition.

LEACH'S ESTATES.

BARON F. A. D'ERLANGER, presiding at the General Meeting of Leach's Argentine Estates, Ltd., held on Thursday, said: In his speech at the last general meeting the Chairman referred to a cable message received by the company, according to which it was estimated that our production of sugar in 1913-14 would reach 17,500 tons. That estimate was exceeded, the actual quantity produced being 18,121 tons. On that occasion it was also pointed out that prices had receded 10 to 12 per cent. as compared with those obtaining in 1912-13; the estimated production of 1913-14, however, being 60 per cent. greater than that of the previous year, it was anticipated that the profits would also be considerably augmented. In that expectation we have been disappointed, owing to the subsequent heavy fall in the price of sugar in Argentina, coupled with the fact that we have not been able to dispose of our entire production of sugar, nor of a substantial quantity of other produce, such as alcohol, hides, and timber. The fall in the price of sugar in Argentina is attributable to three causes. Firstly, owing to the exceptionally favourable climatic conditions, the 1913 crop proved very heavy throughout the Republic, the total quantity of sugar produced reaching the unprecedented figure of 280,000 tons. Secondly, the importation of sugar in 1912, which the Government had sanctioned on account of the small crop in the Republic, had exceeded by far the actual requirements, so that, in addition to the surplus of over 60,000 tons which I have just mentioned, about 30,000 tons of sugar were on hand at the beginning of 1913. Thirdly, there was a reduction in consumption, due to the crisis which has prevailed in the Argentine for some considerable time, and which became more and more acute in December last and still continues. The average price of sugar realised by the vendors during the five years preceding the formation of this company was 2.91 dol. paper per 10 kilos ex factory. For 1912-13 we placed our production at an average of 3.18 dol., and for the period under review 13,000 tons, sold up to date, realised an average of 2.51 dol. only. Speaking in round figures, the fall in the selling price, on a production of 18,000 tons, represents £100,000 as compared with the previous year's prices, and £70,000 as compared with the average price of the five years before that. As already stated, the crisis in the Argentine has seriously restricted the sale of our other produce, such as alcohol, hides, and timber, from the realisation of which further profits were expected. The above factors account for the results of the past year not having answered our expectations. The net profit, as shown by the accounts, amounts to £43,780, and we recommend that it be dealt with by carrying to reserve £22,780 and applying £21,000 to the payment of the fixed dividend of 6 per cent. on the Preference shares, leaving last year's carry forward unaltered.

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Out of a population of eight millions, seven millions are under the heel of the invader. Railwaymen are starving, for railways have ceased to work. Office clerks are starving, for banks and offices are closed. Public officials are starving, for no salaries can be paid. The Belgian Government has been transferred to Havre. Journalists and printers are starving, for newspapers and books have ceased to appear. Mill-hands and coal-miners are starving, for mills and coal-mines and ironworks are closed. It is true that the Germans have reopened the gigantic gun works of Cockerill, and have even offered the Belgian ironworkers an increase of wages of 50 per cent. But I doubt whether the 15,000 ironworkers of Cockerill will be induced by this diabolical bribe to manufacture the German guns which will mow down their Belgian brethren.

A few days ago **KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM**, in the course of an interview, was dilating on the recent barbarities committed by the enemy. I pointed out to his Majesty that retribution was coming, that victory was near at hand. His Majesty's confidence in the final issue was as absolute as my own, but no anticipation of a final victory could comfort him in the present universal distress of his subjects and the appalling ravages of the war. "When victory comes to our arms, what will remain of my miserable people?"

Let us, therefore, not be afraid of doing too much. Let us not discriminate in our charity. The Belgians have fought, they are still fighting, the battles of Great Britain. If there is to be priority, let priority be given to those who were first in suffering, and who are suffering most, and who will suffer longest. If the British and American people and the British and American Governments are not going to help, who will help? As long as German occupation lasts, there is no Belgian Government to appeal to. Until the Teutonic invader is expelled from Belgian territory, the Belgian people are under the sole protection of, and dependent on the sole generosity of, their British and American brethren.

We are giving the following extracts from messages and letters which Dr. Sarolea has received on behalf of the "Everyman" Belgian Relief and Reconstruction Fund:—

From Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON:—

"I hope that a generous response will still be made to Dr. Sarolea's eloquent and renewed appeal for the Belgian Relief Fund. Dr. Sarolea has a double right to speak of the crime and tragedy in Flanders, for he has not only seen it happening but foreseen it before it happened. In his book on 'The Anglo-German Problem' he contemplated, along with many other things that have since come true, the recent violation of Belgium, though I do not suppose he contemplated its being anything so infernal as what his eyes have seen in Antwerp and along the Belgian roads. But, apart from all personal claims, there is a particular urgency and importance in the cause he pleads: and I for one should say, with a full sense of responsibility to the many just claims on us all, that if any charity has to suffer, it ought not to be this one."

From Monsignor R. H. BENSON:—

"I am delighted to hear that you are making this appeal on behalf of Belgium, especially since your connexion with Belgium and England will go far to make the appeal a success."

From LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON:—

"I gladly respond to your wish. Of all the crimes committed by the authors of the present war, the wanton invasion and sacking of Belgium appears to me to be the most shameful. Of all the sufferings inflicted upon innocent persons, those of the Belgians have been the most pitiful and harrowing. Of all the claimants for relief, they are the most deserving."

From Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT:—

"The civilisation of the whole world is indebted to Belgium for its superb stand against savagery; and the ample redress of the sufferings of Belgium should and will be the concern of the whole world."

From Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC:—

"We cannot restore what has been destroyed by men who are wholly unable to understand the tradition of Christian culture and who hate it, but we can at least find means whereby Belgium shall live until vengeance is taken."

From Mr. J. L. GARVIN, Editor of the "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

"In the work you are doing through *Everyman* and elsewhere for this cause you have my whole sympathy, and few men living are so well equipped as you to further the purposes in which we both believe."

From the "SPECTATOR."

"We desire most heartily to support an appeal which has been issued by Dr. Sarolea on behalf of the Belgian Relief and Reconstruction Fund. As Dr. Sarolea points out in his leaflet, the Belgian refugees in Britain are only a section of the sufferers."

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